

A MAN'S PROBLEM  
IS LIFE WORTH LIVING

UB

369.5

.C3

B88

1918

By  
ERNEST H. CUNNINGHAM

NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE



THOMAS J. BATA LIBRARY  
TRENT UNIVERSITY



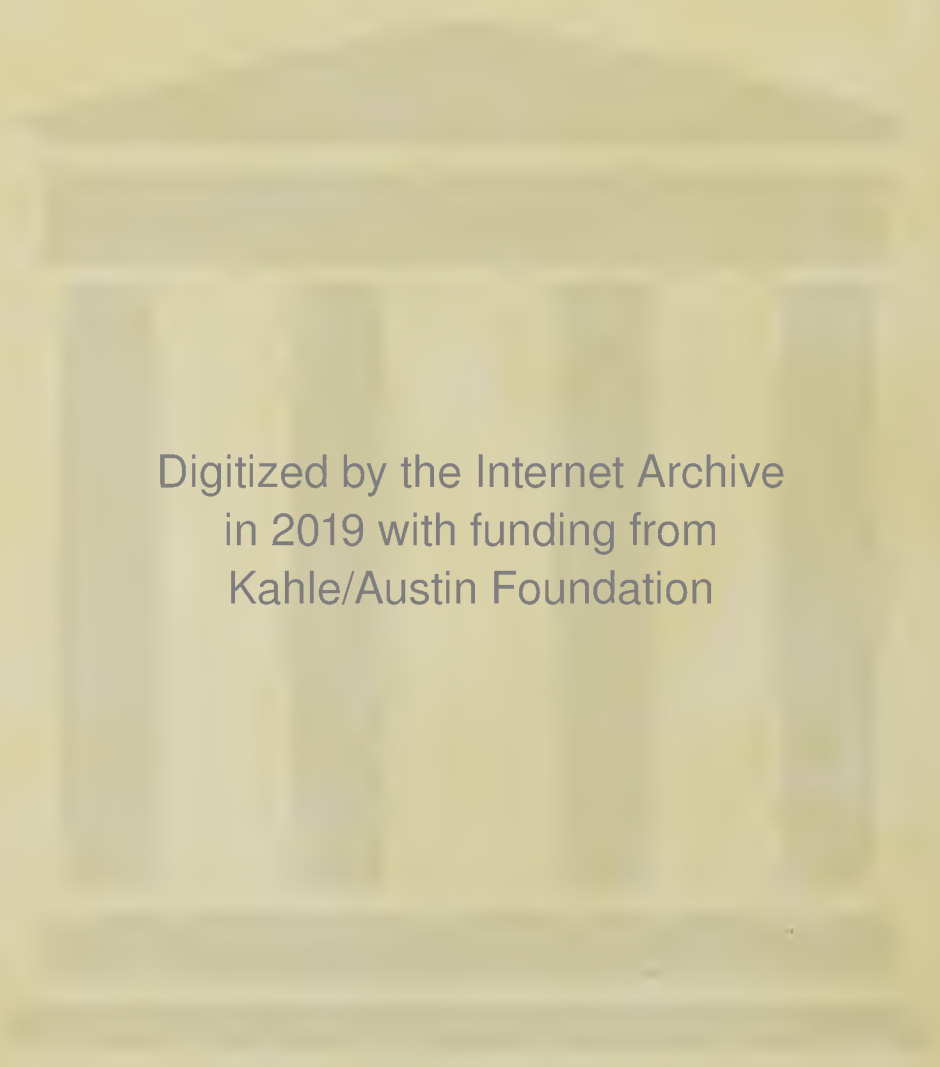








IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2019 with funding from  
Kahle/Austin Foundation

<https://archive.org/details/islifeworthlivin0000butl>







THE AUTHOR:—ERNEST BUTLAND  
(Late Sapper, Canadian Engineers)

WOUNDED APRIL 28TH, 1915, AT YPRES.

Owing to severity of wounds Mr. Butland spent some three years in hospital, during which time he taught himself to use his left hand and wrote this entire story before being discharged in March, 1918.

# IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

A WORK WRITTEN TO SHOW THE VICISSITUDES OF EVERYDAY LIFE, PARTICULARLY SUCH AS CONCERNED THE AUTHOR.

BY  
ERNEST BUTLAND  
(LATE CANADIAN ENGINEERS)

MONTREAL:  
PRINTERS LIMITED  
1918

COPYRIGHT 1918  
PRINTERS LIMITED

## CONTENTS

---

	Page
Is Life Worth Living . . . . .	11
A Child's Love . . . . .	101
Love at First Sight . . . . .	102
The New Year, 1918 . . . . .	103
She's a Nurse, a Wonderful Nurse . . . . .	104
While Suffering Pain . . . . .	105
Why Do We Doubt . . . . .	106
Sons of Australia . . . . .	107
Fight, Boys, Fight . . . . .	109
The Boys From Overseas . . . . .	110
Let God Be Your Guiding Star . . . . .	111
O, Canada . . . . .	112
Peace, Peace, Perfect Peace . . . . .	113
A Wife's Love . . . . .	114
A Belgian Refugee . . . . .	115
The Charge of the Canadian Light Brigade . . . . .	116
March of the Allies' Men . . . . .	118
"I am Only a Poor Blind Girl" . . . . .	119
Just Before Midnight, 1918 . . . . .	120
I Love a Nurse . . . . .	121
Never Let Your Troubles Meet You Half-Way . . . . .	122
I Look to You, Dear, for Sympathy . . . . .	123
Mr. Moon, the Funny Coon . . . . .	124
Parson, Addressing Congregation . . . . .	123
Who is Who . . . . .	126





## ILLUSTRATIONS

---

The Author—Ernest Butland . . . . .	Frontispiece
A Memoriam in France . . . . .	32
First Contingent 14th Battalion, on Salisbury Plains, November, 1914 . . . . .	40
13th Battalion on Salisbury Plains, November, 1915, Col. Loomis Commanding . . . . .	48
Reviewing First Contingent at Valcartier Camp . . . . .	56
Field Ambulance R.M.C. Embarking at Quebec . . . . .	64
SS. Arcadian Leaving Quebec on Her Maiden Voyage as a Troop Ship . . . . .	72
Inspection of the Canadian Contingent on Salisbury Plains, by the King and Staff and Lord Kitchener, February 8th, 1915 . . . . .	80
American Troops' Historic March Through London . . . . .	88



## Is Life Worth Living?

I SHALL try and write to the very best of my ability, as an uneducated man with experience of the world. If there are any mistakes, please don't pass unkind remarks, as they will not detract interest from the narrative.

I have not had a college education, my father and mother had no education; I am only one of millions of this unfortunate class. I have been trying for years to educate myself. I consider self-taught is far superior to all college education in the world.

I left school when I was twelve and could not write my own name, joined the Royal Engineers at the age of sixteen. I could have gone to a military school, but my pride would not allow me to go; I did not want the boys to know that I was brought up under such deplorable conditions.

I was asked many times to take promotion but refused; my officer in command asked me the reason why; I told him I was not capable. About three months later my Company was under orders for North China and we embarked on the P. and O. Victoria. She was a magnificent ship, very elaborate accommodation, and quite a lot of aristocrats travelling first class. One evening, whilst travelling through the Mediterranean, the N.C.O. in charge of the guard detailed me off for duty on the stern of the ship; my orders were if any person fell overboard, let go the lifebuoy and inform the guard. There was a ball to be held at 8.00 p.m. I began to wonder what it was. I thought probably it would be football, and then I thought again and looked at the deck. I came to the conclusion that there was no room for football. The beautiful sunset attracted my attention and I thought it was magnificent. I looked round and, to my amazement, I saw people in beautiful evening clothes. There were all kinds of beautiful colors, they were so attractive I could not think for a moment what my duties were; but I soon recovered when my O.C. asked me what my duties were. He was quite satisfied, for he went away quite delighted; I saw him later with a lady. She looked very nice, in her beautiful

evening dress. At 8.00 p.m. the orchestra began to play all the latest music; I was so surprised I thought I was in Heaven. Then the dance began and the people came so close to me I was expecting every minute to be pushed overboard; so you bet I kept my eyes open. Everything went all right for approximately half-an-hour, when a very young couple came close to me; the young lady seemed very dazed. The fool of a fellow let go of her (he did not know what to do), she pressed herself against the railings for support, the ship gave a heavy roll to port side, and she fell overboard. I threw over the lifebuoy and shouted, "Lady overboard." Not knowing what to do, over I went; I could swim very well and before I knew where I was swimming to I was alongside of the young lady and got hold of her hair. I was absolutely exhausted but I knew it was no use giving way to my feelings and determined to save her and myself. I held her head above the water to the best of my ability. The ship had turned almost a complete circle and was steaming full speed toward us. I was doing my best to swim towards the ship but could not and was giving up all hopes of being rescued when all of a sudden a boat came in sight. Before I had time to tell the young lady, the boat was alongside of us and I knew no more what happened until the next day, when I became conscious. The doctor was standing at the side of my bed; I said, "Where am I?" The doctor said, "You are quite safe, young man." Then all of a sudden everything passed through my memory, like a flash of lightning, what happened previously. I said, "Doctor, is the young lady alright?" He answered, "Yes, but will be unable to get up for a few days. I shall let you know how she progresses in the meantime." I said, "Very good, doctor," and turning on my side went fast asleep. But what a horrible dream I had. I dreamt that I was clutching to something and shouting, "Save me, save me," and then I woke up only to find myself clutching to the bed clothes. Then I said, "Thank the Lord I am all right." No more sleep for me, I said to myself and jumping out of bed, put on my trousers and brushed my hair, when a knock came at my door and, to my surprise it opened and who should walk in but the young lady, the doctor, and my O.C. The doctor said, "What are you doing up, young man?" I said, "Well, doctor, I wish to consult my

O.C. as to what happened, and also report for duty." My O.C. came forward and said, "It's quite alright, Jefferies, you rest until you are absolutely well again, and I must say I am very pleased, and also congratulate you for saving this young lady's life." I said, "Sir, I only did my duty." The young lady came forward with a beautiful smile on her pretty face and also congratulated me and said, with tears in her eyes, "However can I repay you for saving my life?" I said, "Miss, think no more about it, I only did my duty like a British soldier," and then she smiled again and said, "I quite forgot for a moment that you were a soldier," then dropped her head and walked out of the room. I thought, "Poor kid, she does not know how to thank me enough for saving her life. I thought well, it's no use thinking any more about it, I shall go on deck and get some fresh air. I made one step towards the door but I felt as if I could not go further—my head was in a whirl and I felt so very weak I thought I should have to go back to bed again but was determined, if possible, to conquer my feelings, so tried again and succeeded in getting on deck.

It was a beautiful day and I had not been on deck more than a minute or two when everybody came along to congratulate me on my success and hoped I would soon be better. A chum of mine was talking to me about my adventure. He thought it was wonderful, but I said, "I cannot see anything wonderful about it, I only did my duty and if anyone else had been on duty in my place, on that particular night, I should have expected them to have done likewise." Whilst talking over the adventure, someone touched me on the arm and said, "Please will you accept this note?" It was a young lady who spoke. I took the note and said, "Do you require an answer?" "I don't know," she replied, "but the young lady, the one whom you saved, asked me to deliver this note to you." I thanked her for her kindness in delivering it to me and asked her if she would wait until I had read the contents to see if there was an answer necessary. She said she did not mind waiting. "The young lady does require an answer," I said, after a few moments but I certainly did not know what answer to give. The note read thus:—

Dear Soldier:

I am very sorry I am not able to see you personally, as the doctor advised me to remain in my cabin for to-day, as it is very hot on deck; this evening I can do so. I am determined to be on deck this evening and if you are off duty, kindly meet me by the saloon. I want to thank you personally and also ask you to dine with me, at 7 p.m. Do not disappoint me, soldier dear.

I remain,

Yours truly,

MISS MARY SMITH.

I wrote a hurried scribble, stating:—

If possible shall carry out your wish, 6.30 p.m.

I remain, Yours truly,

ERNEST JAMES JEFFRIES.

I gave the note to the young lady and she smiled and thanked me. I was off duty, we only had half-an-hour physical drill in the afternoon, so the rest of the time was at my disposal. After drill I went between decks to get a nap but could not rest. I went to the smoking room with the idea of getting a smoke, but some of my chums asked me to have a game of "nap." I said "Alright," and the game began. I certainly enjoyed it. At 4.30 p.m. the bugler sounded "come to the cookhouse door, boys," so away we went to tea. Our tea consisted of bread and jam; not very appetizing, I can assure you. Six-thirty soon came round and all the first-class passengers were making preparations for dinner. I don't know if any person saw me approach the first-class deck. When I reached there I saw Miss Smith waiting patiently; I greeted her with a smile and said, "Good evening, Miss Smith." "Oh, good evening, Mr. Jefferies," she replied, "I am so pleased you kept my appointment." "Don't mention it," I said. She then asked me to follow her into the saloon; we were alone. "Sit down Mr. Jefferies," she said, "I want to speak to you before dinner." I certainly could not help admiring her figure, it was almost perfect, and a pretty face. She was, I thought, absolutely handsome. "Well," she



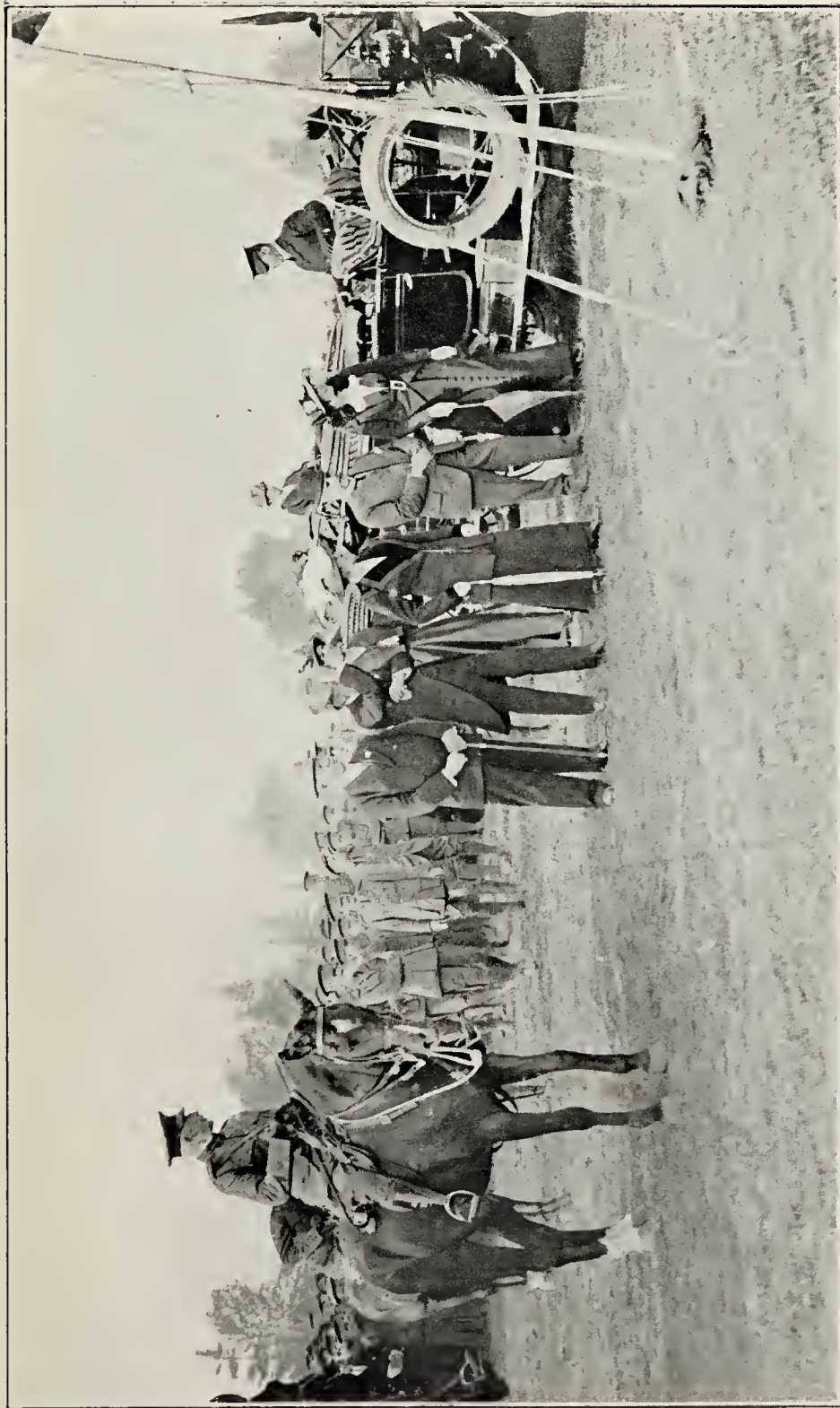
said, "Mr. Jefferies, I do love you." "Love me," I answered, "Why should a young lady in your position of life love a poor fellow like me. I have no money and my people are very poor." "Well," she said, "Mr. Jefferies, perhaps it is rather too soon to talk of love, but you are going to dine with me." "Oh yes, I promised you I would." Then she kissed me on the cheek and asked me how old I was. I said, "Sixteen, last July," and then she said, "You are only two years younger than me. I was eighteen last July." I remarked, "How peculiar, both birthdays come in July." "Yes," she answered, "Most peculiar." I said, "Miss Smith—" but she interrupted me by saying, "Oh, please don't call me by my surname, but call me by my Christian name—Mary." I then said, "Mary, it will soon be time for dinner." I hardly had the words spoken when the bell rang for dinner. "Come along, Ernest," Mary said, "We shall proceed to the dining room." We were the first to sit down and were in about the most conspicuous position in the room. Mary said, "Ernest, don't look so nervous. I answered, "I certainly feel very nervous, I am not acquainted with high-class society." "Never mind, Ernest," Mary answered, "enjoy your dinner and take no notice of anyone but me."

Mary and I were about to start our dinner, when the officers appeared and in less than two minutes they occupied the remaining chairs. The O.C. apologised to Mary for being late and then looked at me and said, "Jefferies, who gave you permission to dine here?" Mary did not give me a chance to speak, but said, "Excuse me, gentlemen, I am the person who authorized Private Jefferies to dine at my expense, not yours or the Government's." "I am very sorry, Miss Smith, having to interfere, but perhaps you are not aware that it is strictly against the rules and regulations to allow privates to dine with officers." "Oh," said Mary, "I am very sorry, indeed, to think that privates contaminate their officers. Some class, you officers. I wonder whether you appreciate privates when you are fighting the enemy?" I certainly did not know what to do. I looked at Mary, then at the officers and said, "You must excuse me, Miss Smith, also you, gentlemen," and made a bolt for the door.

I thought it was best to leave and had got as far as the door,

when I heard a voice calling, "Ernest." I stopped and turned around and then saw Mary in a terrible rage. I tried to pacify her, and she asked, "Ernest, will you get into trouble?" I answered, "No, it will be alright." She said, "Don't let this paltry affair stop us from seeing one another. Come to my cabin at 8.30 p.m., it is No. 3. When you come knock at the port-hole and then I shall know it is you; we can talk things over without being disturbed; you had better go now, the officers are coming towards us." I went to my cabin to think over things, and was only there a few minutes when somebody knocked at the door. I shouted, "Come in," the door opened and the O.C. entered. I immediately came to attention. The O.C. said, "I wish to see you, Jefferies; come to the orderly room at once." When I arrived, the O.C. said, "What I want to know, Jefferies, is, who gave you permission to dine in the first-class dining room?" I replied, "No one, sir, I thought I had no need to ask anyone for permission. The young lady, as you know, asked me to dine with her and I did not like to disappoint her." The O.C. said, "Well, Jefferies, I shall not punish you this time, but if it occurs again, I shall punish you severely. Sergeant-Major, about—turn, dismiss."

I went on deck, looked at the time, 8.30 p.m. It was time I was approaching towards the first-class deck, but what about the officer; he may come this way and catch me nicely, talking or knocking at the port-hole. Oh, I thought to myself, some people have to risk a lot in this world, here goes, officer or no officer. I was ten minutes late. Mary was waiting by the port-hole; I rushed towards her and said, "Let's go inside, as soon as possible. Then Mary said, "What's the matter, Ernest?" The O.C. has just had me on the carpet, you know why, there's no need to tell you." "Well, what did he say to you, Ernest?" He told me distinctly that if I am seen in the dining room anywhere, he will punish me severely." Mary looked through the port-hole and said, "He's just gone by." We continued our conversation. Suddenly there came a knock at the door. I whispered in Mary's ear and asked her who she thought it was. Mary said, "I don't know, and then another knock came. I hid under the bunk. Mary opened the door and said, "I am very sorry, but not feeling well, I went to



REVIEWING FIRST CONTINGENT AT VALCARTIER CAMP.  
H. R. H. Duke of Connaught, Sir L. R. Borden, Robert Rodgers, Sir Geo. Foster,  
Princess Patricia, Duchess of Connaught, Lady Borden.





sleep. I thought I heard someone knocking." It was the O.C., and he said, "I came to ask you if you will come and have a dance, Miss Smith, but you are not well, so I will not press you." "Sir, I wish you to mind your own business, and please do not disturb me any more." Mary did not stop to listen any longer, but closed the door and watched him through the port-hole. She then said, "It's alright, Ernest, he's gone." I then released myself from my cramped position and said, "Mary, what on earth did he want to dance with you for?" "I am sure I don't know, Ernest," she replied.. I said "Well, Mary, it's most peculiar, he should take the liberty to knock at your door and ask you to dance with him he's not making love to you, is he, Mary?" Mary I said, "I don't know, but if he is, he will not succeed, I can assure you, Ernest. I certainly have spoken to him but only at meals. I think it is more jealousy than anything else, Ernest, he knows quite well that I have taken a lot of notice of you, that's why. Now, Ernest, dear, let it remain at that. I want to think out a problem that will deceive those so-called aristocrats. I know, Ernest, you are young and just look like a girl. I have a few dresses here; try some on and see if any of them will fit you. If so, you can masquerade as a girl, and a fine girl you'll make, too." I said "Alright," and tried two of them on, but they were much too big around the waist, so I said, "Mary, there is not one of them that will fit me." "Never mind," Mary said, "keep that on and I will see if I can alter it." Mary then marked where it wanted altering. "Alright,\* Ernest, take it off. I shall have this dress ready for you to-morrow, also an evening dress, and if we don't fool those officers at dinner to-morrow, my name is not Mary Smith." I said, "Mary, it's 9.30, I ought to have been in my cabin at 9.30 p.m., we will have a roll call at 9.15 p.m., and if I am not there I shall be marked absent for not answering my name. "What, roll call on board ship?" "Yes," I replied. "That's quite true, but it is discipline, Mary; of course, you don't understand discipline. Well, Mary, I must say good night." "Alright," said Mary, "and don't forget to-morrow night, 6.30 p.m., I shall be waiting for you." "Alright, Mary, good night." I opened the door very quietly to make sure that no one was about, as it happened,

so I made a bolt for my cabin, and had hardly got between decks when I heard someone shouting, "Jefferies, Jefferies."

I managed to get to my cabin, without anyone seeing me and said to myself, "That's a good job." I hardly got into bed, before someone gave a very hard knock at my door. I gave no answer, but snored very loudly. The door opened, so I looked through one eye to see who it was. It was the sergeant of the guard and he walked in, turned on the light, and said, "Wake up, Jefferies." I awoke and the sergeant said, "Do you know that you are marked absent?" I said, "Absent, how can I be absent when I am here, in bed." "Well, Jefferies, you were not here at 9.15 p.m., to answer your name." "No," I said, "I was in the lavatory at that time. I had eaten something which did not agree with me and was attacked with vomiting. Then I came and laid down in my berth, and fell asleep. That is why I did not answer my name. The sergeant said, "Well, Jefferies, you have a very good excuse, I shall let you off this time, but don't let it occur again, good night." "Good night, sergeant."

I had a good laugh when he had gone, thinking I had got out of it very easily; but that excuse will not do any more. He will remember me and I don't want any trouble if I can help it whilst I am in the Army.

Next morning it was quite a joke: "Where were you last night?" I answered with a smile. Some of the boys said, "We thought you went for a swim." I left the boys and went over to the port side and stood by the railing and while standing there I looked towards the saloon deck and saw Mary coming towards me. "Ernest," she said, "did you get into a row for not answering your name, "No," I said, "the sergeant let me off," and I told her the excuse I had made. Mary laughed heartily at my joke. She at length said, "I have the dresses already for you." "Have you?" I replied. "Yes, and if you can come a little early, say 5.30, that will give us plenty of time in case I need to alter the dress, where it does not exactly fit." I said, "Alright, Mary, I'll try and keep your promise; I must be off now, we parade in a few seconds. Mary went off smiling.



The boys then fell into line to answer their names and just then the O.C. came on the scene and he did not look very pleased, I can assure you. After the roll call, the sergeant-major called the parade to attention and said, "All correct, sir," and saluted in the usual manner. The O.C. then said, "Listen to orders, O.C. 44th Company, Royal Engineers:—

First:—N.C.Os. and men will on no occasion be allowed upon the first saloon deck, unless otherwise authorized.

Second:—All officers, N.C.Os. and men will parade at 10.30 a.m., for boat drill and will continue each day until further orders.

Signed 28th July, 1900,

MAJOR BELL, O.C. 44th Company, R.E.

After the orders were read the O.C. looked in my direction and gave me such a sarcastic look and said, "44th Company, attention," and then continued the formation of physical drill. After drill was over, I went to the smoking room, lit a cigarette, and began wondering how I was going to pull through. I thought out a problem and it seemed good to me, and being a clever amateur, I thought everything would go well with me, so I did not worry myself but went on in my usual way. Five-thirty p.m. soon came round and I thought my adventures were about to begin. I watched to see if anybody was around and waited for an opportunity to reach the first saloon deck. I knew that once on the deck I could reach Mary's cabin without any trouble. Ten minutes passed by and then my opportunity came and away I went up the steps as fast as my legs would carry me. I was almost exhausted, but I did not care as long as I reached Mary's cabin and knew that, once inside, I would soon recover. I managed my first part quite safe. Mary said, "Did anyone see you Ernest?" I could not answer for a minute, but lay down until I regained my breath. I said to Mary, after awhile, "I think myself lucky, no one saw me." Mary said, "That's fine, Ernest, we shall get on alright; but, whatever you do, don't get nervous, and be very careful what you say." I did not tell Mary that I was an amateur actor and could take a girl's part with any actor." I said, "Mary, I have been thinking all day long over this problem and I have come to the conclusion the best way to begin." "Alright, Ernest," but before you begin that subject, try this even-

ing dress on." It was a beautiful light blue silk dress and putting it on, found it fit me perfectly. Mary said, "That's fine, Ernest. I will put the ribbons on while you are putting on your wig." I put on the wig and it fitted me fine. After we were finished, Mary got the looking glass and said, "Take one good look at yourself and make sure that you are satisfied, before you begin to illustrate your problem." I looked at myself in the glass and found everything satisfactory.

Being now ready for the part I was to play, I said to Mary, "We have quite a lot to talk about before dinner. The first is: I must impress on your mind that this is my first appearance in the dining room and people are very inquisitive; well then, what you will have to do when we enter the dining room, is to introduce me to your friends and tell them that this is the very first time that I have travelled on the sea and I have been very seasick, and that is the reason why I have not been in the dining room or on deck; but feeling much better, I thought I would like to make an appearance." "Alright, Ernest," Mary said, "I have it all down, pat." Just then the dinner-bell rang. Mary smiled, and away we went on our way. We met several friends of Mary's and she introduced me in the usual way. Of course, I looked very shy. One of Mary's friends said, "Poor thing, where is she going?" Mary answered, "To Auckland, New Zealand. I am accompanying her, so she will be quite alright." We then took our seats. I said, "Mary, I quite forgot to make arrangements about my name." Mary answered, "It's quite alright, I told some of my friends that your name was Miss Swift. Now, don't forget." I promised to remember that.

Dinner was about to be served, when the officers took their places. I was acting very shy. "Oh," Mary said, "I must introduce you to my personal friend, Miss L. Swift. She has been very seasick and unable to appear either on deck or in the dining room since she came on board ship." The O.C. said, "I am very sorry to hear that, Miss Swift." I never spoke but went on with my dinner and certainly enjoyed it. I never had such a dinner in my life, like it. Duck and green peas, it was absolutely delicious and I know Mary enjoyed hers."

After dinner, Mary and I went to the cabin, locked the door and had a good laugh. I said, "Mary, how do I look?" "Beautiful," Mary answered, "You ought to have been a girl. You looked so shy and your paint made you look as blushful as any girl could possibly be." I said, "Mary, that was just how I wanted to look." Mary then said, "Ernest, there is a ball to-night, and I want you to be at your very best." I answered, "Mary, please don't call me Ernest, any more; my name is Miss Lilian Swift." "Oh, yes, so it is, Ernest, I quite forgot. Come along, let us venture out on deck and get some fresh air." As we walked along, I said, "Mary, I should love to smoke a cigarette." Mary replied, "I suppose you would, but you must not." I said, "Why not, lots of girls smoke, mostly so amongst society." "That's all very well, Lilian, but you must fancy yourself far superior to this so-called society on board ship here." I thought if only I had half of the money that some of them had, I should fancy I owned the world, and then to Mary, Look at the beautiful sunset. Don't you think it magnificent?" Mary replied, "Oh, yes, I think it looks lovely." Just then the officers came along and stood right by us and said, "Good evening, Miss Smith, good evening, Miss Swift." Mary and I said "Good evening, gentlemen." The O.C. approached me and asked me if I would dance with him that evening. I answered, "Well, I am not very well and I don't like disappointing any person, so I may have one dance, and only one." The orchestra began to play the Merry Widow waltz; he took hold of my hand and he began to waltz me around. After the dance was over, the O.C. asked me if I felt tired. I replied, "Yes, very tired." He then asked to be allowed to escort me to a deck chair and, faking my arm sympathetically, we proceeded towards the saloon. "When we had taken our seats, I pretended to faint and asked the O.C. if he objected to getting me a glass of brandy and soda. "Why, certainly, Miss Swift, I will go at once." When he had gone, I had a hearty laugh to myself, and then I got very serious and wondered what would happen if I were caught. Just then Mary caught sight of me and came running towards me and when close enough, said, "whatever is the matter, Lillian, dear?" I replied, "I am pretending to be faint and the O.C. has gone to get me a nice brandy and soda. He

will not be long before he is back, so be serious and careful of what you say. I am running a terrible risk but intend carrying it out to the best of my ability." I then looked round and saw the O.C. approaching. "Look out, Mary, he's coming." Mary was trying to pacify me, when the O.C. put the brandy and soda on the table and took a seat next to me. Mary said, "Lilian, dear, try and take a small drop of brandy and she put the glass to my mouth. I took a drink and nearly finished the contents; it was lovely, absolutely the very best drink I had had for a long time. It was not long before I had finished the remainder and was ready for more. After a second or two, the O.C. said, "I am very sorry for you, Miss Swift, how do you feel now?" I answered, "I am very much better and thank you very much for your kindness." He then said, "Oh, don't mention it, Miss Swift, would you like some more?" I said, "I would, but am not accustomed to liquors, so I am very much afraid that it might make me intoxicated." The O.C. said, "Oh, I don't think it will do you any harm, let me press you to take one more." So I told him that if he insisted he might bring me another. Then I said, "Oh, by the bye, you have not told me your name; if you have, I have entirely forgot. Please tell me again before you go." He said that his name was James Howe. I knew perfectly well that he was telling me lies, but I did not care as long as I got cheap drinks. When he was out of sight, Mary and I looked at one another and laughed in great enjoyment. I said, "Mary, be quiet, please, people will take notice, and besides, we must get along with our conversation before he returns. You know the time is getting late for me." I looked at my watch; it was 9.00 o'clock. I said, "Mary, I have only fifteen minutes. We shall have to be excused by our friend, Mr. James Howe, as soon as I have finished my brandy and soda. Mary laughed again heartily. I said, "Look out, Mary, he's coming." Here you are, Miss Swift, I hope it will not take any effect on you." I took a nip and put the glass on the table and said, "Please, Mr. Howe, you must excuse Mary and I, we are going to our cabin. I don't think I shall be able to see you any more this evening, but probably Mary will." He replied, "It's quite alright, Miss Swift, I hope you will feel much better to-morrow." I finished the remainder and it was certainly good.



Smiling at the O.C., I wished him good-night. "Good night, Miss Swift," he returned, and Mary and I proceeded to her cabin, which we entered and then locked the door. We then gave way to unrestrained laughter until I said, "Mary, how was that for an amateur." "Fine, you carried it out remarkably well." "Yes," I said, "if I had been a passenger instead of a soldier, I might have done so much better, Mary. Mary said, "How did you enjoy your brandies and sodas?" "Fine, Mary, I wish I had a bottle to go on with." Mary said, "Do you, Ernest? Well, you shall have one to-morrow evening. I will ask the waiter to bring me one to my cabin." I said, "Mary, are you aware of the time, it's just 9.12 p.m. I have two minutes to change and answer the roll call. Go outside, Mary please, while I change my clothes." Alright, Ernest," and Mary went. I was not long changing, I can assure you. I was ready. I went to the door, looked out, and there was Mary standing close by. I said, Mary, I am ready to go, come inside for a second; Mary walked in. I wished her good night and then Mary called me back, saying, "Come here, the idea of you going off without kissing me." I said, "I am awfully sorry, Mary," and kissed her on the cheek. She then said, "That's right, dear, now you may go." Closing the door behind me I made for my cabin as fast as my legs would carry me and without anyone seeing me. I closed the door and was almost in bed when the sergeant opened it and said, "Answer your names." After he had gone I thought what a pleasant evening I had spent and how enjoyable it was.

Next morning, I woke up with an aching head and wishing I had some more brandy and soda, but I knew it was no use wishing. I had to parade for physical drill and began to get ready. The bugle sounded for the troops to fall in, so up I went on deck, just in time to answer my name. The sergeant shouted, "Jefferies," I said "Here," and the O.C. looked at me and said, "Why were you late on parade? You know the time to fall in, don't you?" "Yes, sir," was my reply. "Very well, then, don't let it occur again or else you will be severely punished." I thought if you only knew that you were buying drinks for me last night, what would happen, and then I laughed and said to myself, "What a game." Our parade was soon over and I stood talking to the boys. As my glance wan-

dered to the saloon deck I caught sight of Mary. She was smiling and she looked so beautiful, I smiled back at her and then she came down on to the third class deck to speak to me. "Good morning, Ernest," "Good morning, Mary," was my reply. She then asked me had I enjoyed myself and had everything gone alright. I answered, "Everything has gone lovely and I enjoyed myself first class." Mary said, "Ernest, we are approaching Marseilla." "Yes, I think we are, Mary, and shall be in port about 5 p.m." Mary asked, "Shall we go ashore, it will be jolly fine, Ernest?" "Well," I said, "Mary, do just as you please." She replied, "We shall go, Ernest."

### MARSEILLA

We arrived at Marseilla about 5.15 p.m. People were making preparations to go ashore, so I managed to reach Mary's cabin safely, opened the door and walked in. Mary said "Oh, I wondered when you were coming." I replied, "Mary it was difficult for me its very early, and there are quite a lot of people about. I don't think anyone saw me; come up here. My word, Mary, don't you look beautiful in your white silk dress." "Do I, Ernest," and she smiled and said, give me a kiss to complete it, dear." I gave her a kiss and she said, "Hurry up, Ernest, and change your dress; your O.C. has been inquiring for you. He was surprised because he could not see you. I made an excuse that you were very sick and must not be disturbed, and then he asked me if you would be well enough to go ashore. I said I did not know, but would make enquiries before we arrived. Then I made an excuse to go to my cabin. Oh, by the way, Ernest, I managed to get that bottle of brandy for you." Thanking her I asked for a drink, and said, "I feel very nervous this evening." Mary soon prepared a brandy and soda, and handed it to me, saying, "Here you are, dear, and while you are changing yourself, I will go on deck for a little fresh air, and also see your friend, the O.C., and make arrangements to go ashore."

I put on a lovely white silk dress and took a glance at myself to make sure that everything was alright. I was very particular about my wig. I did not want that to fall off, or derange on any



account. Everything seemed alright, so I thought I would take another brandy and soda before going on deck. I was not long in preparing one and had just finished drinking it when I heard Mary's voice saying, to someone outside, "Just wait there and I shall see if Lilian is ready." Mary knocked. I said, "Come in, dear," Mary said, "Lilian, are you ready, dear?" "Just a moment, Mary," I replied, and smiled. "Am I alright, Mary," "Yes, Lilian, you look charming. I wish you had been a girl, but never mind, I love you just the same, dear. "Mary, don't you love me better, you should do." "Oh, yes, Ernest, I mean Lilian, dear," and then laughing heartily, I said, "Come along, Mary, and make an appearance." Away we went out on deck. There were two officers awaiting us, the so-called Mr. James Howe and Lieutenant Wells, otherwise Mr. E. Edwards. They smiled and said, "Good evening." The O.C. said, "How do you feel this evening, Miss Swift?" I answered, "Fine, thank you, Mr. Howe," and then we proceeded ashore. As we approached the gangway I saw nearly all the boys watching us and thought, if they only knew my game, what a fuss there would be, but dismissed these thoughts as we got ashore. The O.C. got hold of my arm and away we went a little way towards the city. It was a lovely day, but extremely hot so we sat down on some seats for a few moments and then proceeded towards the city. I said, "Mr. Howe, can you speak French?" "No," Miss Swift. Can you?" "No." I answered, "I have quite enough trouble to speak the English language; but perhaps Mary, or your friend can." I asked them, but both said that they could not. Mary said, "She could speak a little but did not like to lest she made any mistakes." But I knew Mary could, because she told me quite frankly before coming ashore, that she could. I thought perhaps Mary did not want them to know so I did not press the subject. I asked the O.C. what time the ship left as I had forgotten, and he answered, "8.30 p.m." "Well," I said, "we cannot go very far." Just then we reached an hotel and Mary said, "Let us have dinner here. The officers said, "What is the use if we cannot understand French." "Never mind," said Mary, "I will make them understand," and the officers laughed and in we went. The place was almost full but we found an unoccupied table, took our seats and Mary took up the

menu and asked me what I would like to eat. "Just whatever you like," And what will you have, Mr. Howe, "I am not particular," he replied, and Mr. Edwards said similar." so we all four had the same to eat. I certainly enjoyed my dinner and I know Mary did. After dinner the officers said to Mary and I, "Please excuse us for a few minutes. We did so and in fact, were glad to be rid of them for awhile. "Mary, do you know where they are going to?" She did not. "Well I will tell you. They are going to get not one drink, but three or four." Mary then said, "They are almost as bad as you are for drink. Will you have one, Ernest, Lilian I mean," and without waiting for my consent, she called the waiter and made him understand perfectly well that I wanted a brandy and soda. I only took a sip and left the remainder until the officers returned. Mary said, "Ernest, I want to speak seriously to you before those so-called officers return. What I want to know is, will you marry me?" I said, "Mary I cannot whilst the war is on, but as soon as it is over and peace is proclaimed, I certainly will." Then Mary said, "Why not desert and come home with me? Nobody will know." "Do you know, Mary, what the penalty would be if I did as you wish and was caught?" "No," she replied. "Well, I would be shot and I am sure you would not like that to happen to me would you?" "No, Ernest, dear, I would not. You see, Ernest, I don't understand the King's regulations," and I then told her that was the penalty for any man deserting from the service.

Mary then expressed her sorrow but said she would talk it over again before we departed from Colombo. We had just finished our conversation, when the officers returned and said, "We are awfully sorry that we kept you waiting so long. Oh, don't mention it," Mary remarked, "We are quite enjoying ourselves." I said, Mr. Howe, don't you think that it is time we were going?" and then Mr. Edwards asked us if we had enjoyed ourselves. "Oh, yes," we remarked, splendidly." On our way to the dock Mary caught sight of a jewellery store and said to the officers, "Please wait here, we shall not be very long. Come along, Lilian," and we went inside. Mary asked the jeweller to show her some gold watches. I looked on, but could not understand what Mary was asking for, as she spoke in French. He went to a glass case and

brought out about ten watches. Mary looked at one she fancied and asked the price. She paid the jeweller what he asked and said, "Lilian, I have bought this watch for you; I gave three hundred francs for it. "Oh," I said, "What a lovely watch," and Mary put it on my wrist and then we walked out. My so-called friend wanted to know what we went in for, so I showed him the watch on my wrist. He said, "That is a magnificent watch." "Yes," I said, "Mary bought it for me. She gave three hundred francs for it." "She must have plenty of money," he said. "Yes, she is a millionairess and such a lovely girl; she is the very best friend I have got."

We arrived back quite safe and went up the gangway just in time as the men were making preparations to remove it. Mary and I went to her cabin, and entering, locked the door. It was then I asked her why she had bought such an expensive watch and given it to me. She answered, "Now listen, Ernest. If I feel disposed to buy a present for you, why should you criticise me?" She was vexed a little at me asking such a question, but soon was all smiles again, and then said, "Please do not mention it any more and kissed me." I felt very thirsty and said how I would like a drink. She replied, "There's the bottle and glass, help yourself." I took a good drink and then Mary suggested that we go out and watch the ship leave the dock. I agreed and then put a little more paint and powder on my face and asked Mary how I looked. "Fine," she said and away we went and sat close by the cabin. There was no one else around and I said to Mary, "No wonder people admire you, you look so charming, dear." She replied, "I know that before our journey is at an end you will have learned to love and admire me." My answer was, "I love you already, dear, but I am much too young to marry and also tied up to the service, but if ever I live to come through the war safely, I will certainly marry you." I then excused myself as I wanted to have a brandy and soda. My companion said "Now, Ernest, don't you take too much liquor and make a fool of yourself." "Don't be nervous, Mary, I shall be quite alright," and went to the cabin, got my drink, and returned to my seat.

I had not sat down more than a minute, when our friends, the officers, came along and said, "Ladies, are you admiring the beau-

tiful sunset? Is it not magnificent?" Mary answered "Yes," and smiled. The O.C. went off to get two more chairs and when he returned, gave one to his friend and brought the other and put it next to me. He commenced "Miss Swift, did you enjoy yourself?" "Yes, thank you, Mr. Howe, I enjoyed myself first class. Do you know, I have never enjoyed myself better in all my life. My parents are very strict when I am at home and they would not even allow me to speak to any young men at all. I do not know what they would say if they knew I was in the company of an officer of His Majesty's service. I might inform you that my father is a millionaire but don't think I need tell you any more about my people. Do you know, Mr. Howe, I cannot help admiring my watch, it is one that Mary bought for me." The O.C. looked at it, and I followed his eyes. He was looking at it as much as to say, "I wish it belonged to me, I wonder if I could pinch it?" I said,, "Don't look at it so long or else I may not see it again," to which he replied, "You don't doubt my honesty, do you, Miss Swift?" "Well, one never knows," and then I smiled at him, and he gave a very sarcastic smile in return. I thought if you only knew, you would place me immediately under arrest, he appeared to be in such a vile temper. I saw it was necessary to enliven him so said, "Can you not take a joke, why do you look at me like that," and smiled. He answered, "Were you really joking," Miss Swift. "Why, certainly, Mr. Howe, I would not doubt your honesty, unless I found you guilty." "Well," he said, "You are very young, Miss Swift, but you are very intelligent." I laughed and said, "I must be going now, Mr. Howe," Then to Mary, "I am going to the cabin, come when you feel disposed, dear." She replied, "I am perfectly ready now, Lilian dear," and came towards me. Turning to the officers we wished them good evening, and went below.

"Mary, do you know how late it is? It is just 9.11. I have just time to change, have a brandy and soda, and then get away. Mind my watch, will you dear, if the O.C. was to see it on my wrist while we were doing physical drill to-morrow, he would understand who I am, and I don't want that to occur." She replied, "Ernest, you are wonderfully sharp and intelligent." I thanked her for the compliment and then asked for the brandy and soda; I was



indeed, very thirsty. "Do you know, Ernest, you have nearly finished the bottle. Never mind, I will get you another to-morrow dear," "Mary, I must be off to my cabin, now, good night, dear," "Good night, Ernest, dear," Mary replied. I was just opening the door when Mary said, "Ernest, I must say you are not very polite," I said, "What is the matter, Mary?" "You have not given me the goodnight kiss," and she smiled. "Oh, Mary, I am awfully sorry, and gave her a kiss, and off I went, creeping very slowly towards the third deck. I managed it alright, but when I reached my cabin, my heart was in my mouth, I was five minutes late. I thought the sergeant had finished calling the roll, when suddenly I heard, tramp, tramp, and thought here he comes. Then I heard his voice, saying, "Answer to your names, boys. Jefferies—" "Here," I said, and away he went, only to return and say, "Jefferies, you are for guard to-morrow night." "Alright," I replied. Then my heart beat much heavier, and that night I had little rest. My thoughts were centred on how I was going to pull through.

Next morning, I made a hurried toilet and went on deck. There I saw one of my chums standing by the rail, so approached him and said, "Good morning, Jim." "Good morning, Ernest," he replied. "Jim, will you do me a favor this evening?" "What do you require me to do, Ernest," I told him I was detailed for guard that evening and not feeling very well thought I would ask someone to take my place. I don't wish you to do it for nothing, Jim, I will give you five shillings." Jim, being short of cash, embraced the opportunity. You may be assured I was highly delighted to escape that burden.

We then had the usual parade and physical drill. We were having double knees bend and I could not get down properly to satisfy the O.C., so he approached me and said "What is the matter with you Jefferies, this morning?" I answered, "Nothing, sir." "Well, why can't you bend those knees? Come out here in front, and watch me do it." I went in front and the O.C. was doing the double knee bend, when, of a sudden, the ship gave a roll and sent him over on his nose, and we all smiled. Some laughed out loud, and the sergeant said, "Stop that laughing, there." The O.C. got up and said, "It's nothing to laugh at. He was absolutely mad with temper and said, "Go back to your place, Jefferies." I went, and



had quite a task to restrain myself from laughing as I went. "Try again. Double knee bend." Down we all went, another roll came and quite a lot fell over. I noticed the O.C. did not ask them the reason why they fell over. I think he was disgusted with himself, but if he had happened to have done it alright, well, we would have had to stop until we had done it to his satisfaction. I thought it was a good job he did not, and we were dismissed a few minutes later.

After dismissal, I was walking over to the port-side, when I heard Mary's voice. She was laughing loudly and I looked up and smiled at her. The O.C. was just approaching the saloon deck. I saw him rub his arm and smile when he got close to Mary." I don't know what the conversation was, but Mary again laughed, and I wondered what the joke was. After he had gone, Mary came down on to the third deck and said, "Good morning, Ernest, how are you?" "Quite well, thank you, Mary," Mary said, "I am so glad I got up early this morning," "Are you, why?" "Well," she replied, "I wish you had been a spectator. It was better than a picture show. Why did he make you go out in front of all the others?" "Because I did not do the double knee bend properly, Mary. He was going to show me the way when the ship rolled and sent him flying on his nose." Yes," Mary said, "I saw him do it, and laughed; I could not help it." "Mary, I managed to get to my cabin safely last night, but to my surprise, the sergeant detailed me for guard this evening. I did not know at first what to do, but I asked one of my best chums if he would do it for me, and he said he would so I gave him five shillings." "Can you do that, Ernest?" "No, but you have got to risk such a lot in this world if you want to get along, Mary," and she replied, "Ernest, see that your friend takes over the guard properly before you come to see me, or else there will be a mess of things." I said, "Alright, Mary, I will make sure of that, but if anything goes wrong, you will know the reason, and then you must make an excuse to the officers that Lilian is not very well and unable to appear on deck this evening; but leave everything until the very last minute, say 7 p.m. or after dinner, because if I am not in the dining room they will wonder why, so make the excuses whilst at dinner, and let me know what they said when

next we meet." Just then the bell rang for the saloon passengers to go to breakfast and I told Mary to go or she would be late for breakfast. Mary said, "I wish you were coming, too, Ernest," "I wish I had the chance, Mary, our breakfast is bread and so-called butter and tea like water." Mary said, "Poor fellow, I wish you had been a passenger instead of a soldier." "Mary, if I had been, I probably should not have been here to-day." She replied, "Yes, that is true, Ernest. Never mind, I will bring back something to you after breakfast," and then smiled and went.

I stood by the rail looking out to sea, for quite half-an-hour, when suddenly I heard a voice, and it seemed to come from the upper deck, saying, "Ernest." I looked up and saw Mary coming down the steps with something in her hands. When she got very near to me she said, "Ernest, here you are, there's something to eat for you." They were ham sandwiches. "That's fine, Mary." She then said, "Here you are, Ernest, there's a drop of brandy in the bottle for you. I know you like it, that's why I brought it for you." I thanked her and went to my cabin and put the goods away. When I returned, Mary was standing in the same place, waiting for me. She said, "Ernest, your O.C. wants to speak to me." "Alright, Mary, go and see what he requires and come back and tell me." Mary went off and approached the officer. He smiled at her then engaged her in conversation for about half-an-hour. Mary then returned to me and said, "Ernest, he was inquiring about Lilian." "Do you know, Mary, I thought that was what he wanted you for. What did he say." "I told him that Lilian was not very well and unable to get on deck, and he said 'Miss Smith, don't you think that she drinks too much brandy to do herself any good,' and I said 'No I don't think so, and if she does, what has that got to do with you, Mr. Howe?' 'Nothing,' he said, 'only if she belonged to me, I should take great care that she did not have any at all, Miss Smith.' 'Oh, would you,' I said, 'I don't think it matters much, Mr. Howe, I can take great care of Miss Swift, thank you very much for your advice, Mr. Howe.' I looked quite indignant at him, then left him standing there and came to you, Ernest. He can please himself what he does or thinks," and she laughed heartily. "Mary, don't laugh so loud, he can hear you, and I think you had better go now,

dear, or else he may think there is something between us." "Alright, I will. I don't mind doing anything for you, Ernest," then she smiled and walked away. Before she had gone very far, I called her back again and said, "Mary, I forgot to tell you something. Listen. In case the O.C. should go to your cabin while you are out, just make up a dummy and put in your bed." "I have already done that, Ernest." "Mary, you are more intelligent than I am, I never thought for a moment that you were so clever." Mary then said, "Oh, you will know me better, later on, Ernest. Good-bye for the present," and she walked away.

I proceeded to my cabin, sat down, and enjoyed my sandwiches. They were very nice and I thoroughly enjoyed them, and particularly the brandy. After I had finished, I sat thinking and wondering whether brandies and sodas were too dear for my O.C. to pay for. If I thought for one moment that was the case, I would dispense with his company at once. Then I thought if he only knew Sapper Jefferies and Miss L. Swift was one and the same person,, wondered what he would do. Well, it's no use wondering, I knew quite well what would happen. He would not rest until he got me penal servitude. However, it was no use crying over spilt milk but just go ahead and chance my luck. I went to the smoking room; here the boys were enjoying themselves in great manner—some playing cards, some singing and playing the piano. One of my chums came to me and said, "Come and play cards." Accepting his invitation, I sat down to the card table and after playing about two hours, was three pounds to the good. As my companions had no more money just then, they gave over playing. I then took a seat on the other side of the room, and lighting a cigarette, prepared to enjoy the singing, when my chum Jim came to me and said, "Ernest, I am very sorry to tell you, but I am unable to do your guard to-night. One of the other guardsmen has fallen sick and I have been detailed for duty in his place." "I wish you had told me before, Jim, and then perhaps I could have got someone else in my place." I then shouted out, "Who will do a guard for me. I will give anyone ten shillings, and don't all speak at once. About a dozen offered and calling one of them aside said, "Tom, I know you are short of cash, you can do it for me. Here are your ten



# RIP in MEMORY OF

THE N.C.O.S & MEN OF THE  
14<sup>TH</sup> CANADIAN BTN. R.M.R. WHO  
FELL IN THE ACTION OF JUNE 3<sup>RD</sup> 1916. AND ARE  
BURIED NEAR THIS SPOT

C.S.M. GARDNER 26339 C.S.M. L. B. HAVEL 26334 SGT L. A. H. 26337 SGT A. W. H. 26338  
SGT A. W. H. 26339 SGT H. MONT 404372 SGT T. J. CLINCH 63447 CPL M. M. 2016 D. 1916

C. R. COOTE 26635 P. H. H. 26336 S. 26337 L. C. M. 26338 S. 26339

S. P. A. H. B. C. 63442 P. T. S. F. H. M. 26339 P. R. C. 26340

44243 W. WOODFORD 412664 W. REID 458065 J. MORAN

4052 W. H. FARLAND 41044 H. SIMONDS 412153

W. COOR 44073 S. MITCHELL 412793 P. MCKEINNA

23999 F. A. GEIGLER 502492 H. NUTTALL

40446 A. MUNN 457406 W. HARRIS 457407

ROUTE 64039 J. E. JONES 404380

404381 J. D. HORN 404460 A. PENFOLD

404382 C. EGGLETON 164076

W. HANSON A 44075

J. H. WALKER 457398 F. F.

ADCOCK 27376 H. WILDE

27216 C. McLEAN 44214

DAMON 40453 A. PERIN

67 W. OFFICER 25625

J. H. KEARNEY 25734 J. J.

CASEY 412852 F. D. COOTE

447344 E. RIGGALL 603246

S. DAGUL 446644 J. BENNIT

53070 J. A. MATTHEWS 48399

J. MATTHEWS 463999 J. R. BELL

53157 W. O. WILSON 63934

D. MURRY-BROWN 463657

R. J. WOODWARD 404499 W. H.

BELVEA 44234 H. MITCHELL

26683 J. MASON 163396

G. H. GREGORY 63393 D. J. H.

448002 G. COURT 44197

G. W. PAUL 441223 A. E. G. J. E.

44478 J. J. COLLINS 22855

D. H. G. 46372 E. S. SPURKLE

5 MAY 021 F. W. FLANICAN 228

A. S. W. 25615 A. C. BURN

25336 J. CAINE 457945 A. H. F. A.

44052 J. B. 26420

A. G. 25666

A/SGT

M. M. FARLANE

C. B. 14 CANADIAN SECTION

1916





shillings; now don't forget you are for guard to-night." Just then the sergeant called the guard and Tom fell in. The sergeant said "Jefferies," and Tom answered "Here." "You are not Jefferies?" "No," said Tom. "Well, what are you doing here?" "Jefferies is sick and he asked me to take his place." "You don't mind doing it, then." "No, sergeant." When I knew everything was alright, I went to my cabin. It was not very long before the sergeant came along and opened the door and said, "What's the matter with you?" "I don't know, I have terrible pains in my head." "Well," the sergeant said, "Why did you not go sick this morning?" I replied, "I thought probably it would be better by now." "Alright, but the next time you feel sick, please report sick before the first parade every morning." "Thank you, sergeant, it will not occur again." Off he went and I said to myself, "I only just managed to get out of it."

Half-past six soon came around, and going to another fellow I knew, said, "Robert do you mind doing me a favor, to-night?" He replied, "What do you require done, Ern?" "I will give you ten shillings if you will answer my name to-night." He then asked, "How can I manage it, Ern?" "It's quite easily done. Your cabin is No. 3, my cabin is No. 15. The sergeant always starts the roll-call from No. 1. After he has called the names in your cabin, wait your opportunity and go to my cabin, get into bed, cover your head over and answer my name." "Alright, Ern," said Roberts. "I gave him the ten shillings and made an excuse that some of the fellows had got up a card party and I wanted to win a few pounds, to-night. "I don't think the game will be over before 11.30, and of course I want to stay till it breaks up."

I was very pleased with myself, but had paid dear for my evening's sport, but considered it fully worth it. I looked at my watch and found it was 6.40 p.m. This made me ten minutes late. Waiting my opportunity, I proceeded to Mary's cabin and found her ready. "I am very sorry for being late," I began, but Mary cut me short. "Don't mention it. Hurry up and change yourself, you have only got ten minutes to do it in. The brandy and soda are there, help yourself. Whilst you are changing I will go on deck." Directly she had gone I helped myself to a good drink and made a

hurried change, and was just putting the finishing touches to myself then Mary came in and said, "Are you nearly ready, Ernest?" "Yes, quite ready," I replied. She then said, "Why, your hair is showing, Ernest," I looked in the glass and said, "Mary, it's a good job you came in, I was just going out to tell you that I was ready." Mary smiled and said, "Supposing you had met your O.C. and he had taken particular notice of your wig?" "Well, dear, there certainly would have been trouble." Then the bell rang for dinner. "Mary, get me a glass of brandy before proceeding to the dining room." Mary got the brandy and soda ready and said, "Here you are, look sharp and drink it or else we shall be late, Ernest." I finished the brandy and then we left the cabin. We were late in entering the dining room, so apologized to our friends. The O.C. smiled and said, I have not had the pleasure of seeing you all day, Miss Swift." "No," Mr. Howe. I have been unwell." The O.C. then asked, "Don't you think, Miss Swift, that you drink too many brandies and sodas?" "No," I replied, "I think a drop of brandy is good for any person, providing they take it in a very moderate way." He said no more, but went on with his dinner. After dinner we all went on deck. The O.C. took me by the arm and said, "Let us walk around the deck, it will do you good, Miss Swift." I smiled and said, I should be pleased to do so and away we went, my escort talking in a jocular manner. I laughed, as he thought, at his jokes, but in reality the joke I was playing on him was the cause of my merriment. We strolled around a few times and then stopped near the stern. The sun was beginning to set and as I glanced over the railings I was interested in some creatures that appeared to be birds. I asked him what they were, and he told me they were flying fish. "Flying-fish," I exclaimed. "Yes," was his reply, and in very rough weather they are swept on board ship. They are very pretty creatures." "Oh," I said, "I should love to see one," and looked up at him innocently, and smiled. He said, "Miss Swift, you do look so beautiful, I should love to give you one kiss." "Would you?" I replied. "Yes," he said, "Well, wait until it is dark," and then I laughed at him. I looked around and saw Mary approaching us with her friend. I met her half-way and said, "Mary will you have the first dance with me?" "Why, certainly,

Lilian." The orchestra was just about to commence playing and glancing at her friend saw that he was looking anything but pleasant. I turned to him and said, "What is the matter with you, don't you feel well?" He answered, "Oh yes, but I am surprised." Why surprised," I asked? "Can't you dance with Mr. Howe. "I shall dance with any person I choose to, and shall not ask you what I am to do." Mary laughed heartily and said, "Lilian, has your friend upset you?" "Oh, no, but I want my first dance with you, Mary dear." Just at that moment the orchestra began to play. I took Mary's arm and began to waltz. Whilst we were waltzing, I said, "Mary, I served him one he did not like. Do you know I am getting quite jealous of him," and then Mary laughed. After the first dance was over, we went back to the stern of the ship to see if the O.C. was still standing there. On our way I said, "Mary, there they are. They were talking to a couple of ladies; when we approached them we overhead the ladies say to the officers, "Don't you think that Miss Smith and Miss Swift dance lovely?"

Mary and I paid the compliments of the evening to the ladies and then sat down in deck chairs. The officers looked very sarcastic. I said "What is the matter, Mr. Howe?" Oh, nothing," was his reply, but I knew quite well that both of them thought I was very ignorant; then the O.C. asked one of the other ladies to dance with him. "Oh yes," she said, "I would be delighted to take my next dance with you." They began to waltz and the O.C.'s friend asked the other lady, and they began. While they were dancing, Mary and I had a good chat. People began passing remarks about Mary and I. Some would say we were sisters, and others would declare they never saw friends so devoted to each other. These remarks caused me to smile and say to myself, "If they only knew, what a scandal there would be. Mary then asked, "What are those lights over there?" I answered, "Those lights are shining from a lighthouse, Mary. We ought to have seen them at 4 p.m." "Oh, and what is the next place we stop at?" I said "Aden," "Aden, whereabouts is that?" "In Arabia," I answered, "and we shall not be long before we arrive there. Then our conversation was at an end, the dance being over.

The officers came towards us and said, "Can you see those lights over there?" We both said we could. "Well, that is Aden, we are expecting to arrive in dock in three hours from now." Mary said, "How long do we stop there?" "About two hours to take on more passengers." I said, "Well at that rate, we shall not be able to go ashore." "Oh, no," was Mr. Howe's reply. "If you went ashore, you would not have time even to get to the city." Then the band began to play once more, and I said, "Mr. Howe, would you care to dance with me?" He at once said "Yes, Miss Swift," and we began to waltz. After waltzing about a minute, we caught against another couple, and I fell against the railings, cutting my knee very badly. My partner said, "Have you hurt yourself much, Miss Swift?" I said "No, not very bad" and smiled at him. "Please take me to a chair." He took my arm and escorted me to a seat. I thought, "Well, this means a brandy and soda for me." When we were seated, he said, "How do you feel, now, Miss Swift?" I said, "Very bad." He asked me if I would like a brandy and soda. I told him I would and away he went. He was soon back again, and said he had asked the waiter to put a little ice in it. I thanked him and drank the contents. Then he said, "I hope, Miss Swift, you haven't forgot the kiss you promised me?" "Oh, no, I haven't forgot, Mr. Howe, come a little closer and I will give you a lovely one." He looked around to see if anyone was watching, then turned his head and took a hurried kiss. I said, "Are you satisfied now, Mr. Howe?" "Quite," he replied, "Then go and get me another brandy and soda, please." Off he went for another and I thought to myself, he thinks he has made a hit.

About this time Mary came on the scene and said, "Lilian, I saw your friend kiss you." "Did you?" I replied, "Yes," she said. "and I object to it," and then laughed heartily. "How are you progressing with your friend, Mary?" and she answered "First class, and then laughed again. "Is he making love to you, Mary?" "Yes, and also promised me marriage." "My word, Mary, you are going too far for me," and then I smiled. She then asked where Mr. Howe had gone to and I answered, "To get me a brandy and soda. I expect him back any moment, now." "There's one thing, Lilian, you manage to get a great many brandies and sodas out of



him." "Yes, Mary, and I think I deserve them too, don't you? While we were dancing, a couple came very close to us; so close that they knocked me against the railings. I hurt my knee very badly, and to make everything all right, Mr. Howe asked me to have a brandy and soda, but instead of having one I am going to have two, one for the accident and one for a kiss." Mary smiled and said, "Lilian, you are a rogue." "Well, you are to blame, not me, Mary," and I smiled at her.

Just then the O.C. came on the scene and said, "Sorry, Miss Swift, for being so long, I have been talking to another friend." "Well," I said, "You don't think much of me then, or else you would have attended to my wants first." "You are not jealous, are you, Lilian, dear," he asked? I looked him square in the eyes and said, "Mr. Howe, are you forgetting yourself? If you intend keeping my company, please don't be so familiar in using my Christian name. If you are buying me brandies and sodas, don't think that I am going to allow you to take liberties. The audacity of you. I am absolutely disgusted with you." And then I pretended to get up and leave him. He took hold of my arm and said, "Oh, Miss Swift, I am awfully sorry, allow me to apologise, please; I never thought for one moment to take any liberties with you. I thought probably you would not mind my using your Christian name." I said, "I do object, please do not use it again, and then turned my head so that he could not see me smile." Mary was listening and she kept such a straight face I began to wonder whether she was deceiving me or not. I said to Mr. Howe, "Mary and I will take a stroll my leg hurts me somewhat." "Would you like me to escort you?" "Thank you, no," I replied, we would much rather be alone." He then asked if he would have the pleasure of again seeing us that evening. "I don't think so, unless we meet by accident," I replied, and we moved away.

We concealed ourselves in a nice quiet place and made sure that no one was following or watching us, and we made ourselves comfortable. I said, "Mary, do you think that I was quite justified in telling my O.C. not to take liberties with me? You know quite well, Mary, if I was to let him go on, he would get too familiar, and that would only bring trouble." Mary smiled and said, "I know,



Ernest, you only want him for his brandies and sodas, and another thing, Ernest, while he is trying to make love to you, I am left in the cold. I think the best plan would be for you to dispense with his company and pay more attention to me. Since we left the cabin this evening you have not even kissed me once, dear, so command one now." I bent towards her and gave her a beautiful kiss. "Now Mary, be satisfied." "Oh, no, Mary said, I want another one." I gave her another and then continued with my conversation. "Mary I think your plan is best. We shall dispense with our friends and keep our own company, dear." "Yes," Mary said, "I think that will be best for both of us. You know, Ernest, my friend is getting too familiar. I had to tell him straight out. That is why I sought your company. He wanted to kiss me, and even went so far as to ask me to marry him. I refused; the idea is not to be thought of, and I asked him to dismiss all such thoughts from his head at once. And then he gave such a villainous laugh, it made my blood run cold. I told him that I did not wish to keep his company any longer; he seemed as though he had been drinking. Whether he had or not, I got up and left him there." "Well," I said, "how peculiar both of us should be in the same predicament." "Yes," Mary replied, "but I don't think they have found us out. "Oh, no," they have not done that yet, Mary, because if they had, they would have arrested me before now. Mary, I believe someone is listening." I got up to see, but it was so dark, I could not discern anything at all. So I said to Mary, "Come, get up, dear, it's time we were off." Mary said, "Why?" I answered, "I don't think it is safe to remain any longer." So Mary got up, and as we were moving away I saw someone bob their head up from something that looked like a chair. "Mary," I said, "stop where you are and I will go and see who or what is over there." I went very slowly towards the spot, and when I got there I saw someone laying as flat as they possibly could on their stomach. I could not see the face. I wondered what the object could be and waited for a second or two to see if they would move. I was just going back to Mary when they got up and came right up to me and said, "Are you aware of the time, Miss," I said, "No." "Well, it's just twelve o'clock and you are supposed to be in your cabin at 10.30 p.m." I said, "I am awfully

sorry, but I did not think that there was any special time allotted for the first class passengers." "Well, Miss, you ought to make yourself familiar with the notices." "Alright," I said, "I shall consult them at once." "Good night, Miss."

I went over to Mary and said, "More trouble, Mary, let us get into our cabin as soon as possible. That fellow I was speaking to is the ship's detective. He told me that we had no right on deck after 10.30 p.m. I certainly did not think it was so late." Did he recognize you, Lilian," I don't think so, Mary; if he did what could he say? Certainly it looked rather suspicious." By this time we had arrived at our cabin. Mary turned on the light and drew the curtain over the port-hole. "Mary, I must have a drink, I am so dry. I got the brandy bottle and took a good drink out of it. "I feel ever so much better now." "Do you, dear," said Mary. "Yes, and now I must change and go to my cabin." My companion said, "Supposing he sees you, what will you say then?" "That's easy. I shall be in uniform and tell him that I have just come off guard." "Oh yes, that is a very good excuse, Ernest." I managed to change alright and then said, "I am ready to depart." Mary replied, "You are in a hurry to depart, sit down, Ernest, I want to speak to you, and come a little closer I cannot kiss you there." I came a little closer to Mary and she gave me a kiss and said, "Ernest, dear, give me a first-class kiss." I gave her one, but she told me that it was an unsatisfying kiss and asked for another. "I said, "Yes, I will, but I want another brandy and soda, first." "Alright, Ernest, have one with pleasure and drink my health and also give me a small concoction."

Passing her half a glass of brandy, I said, "Here you are dear. "Oh, Ernest, this is too much." "No, it is not, I put a lot of soda water with it." Mary and I drank together. After we had finished, I said, "Mary, I really must be going." "No, Ernest, dear, you must not go until I feel disposed to let you go." "Mary, are you accustomed to drink?" "Oh, no, Ernest. I drank it for curiosity more than anything else. You know the old saying, 'What is good for the goose is good for the gander.'" Come, Ernest dear, give me another kiss," and then she laughed very heartily. I said, "Mary, those people in the next cabin will be making complaints about our

laughing," and then looked at my watch. "Mary, it's two o'clock, dear, I certainly must be going." "No, you are not going yet, Ernest, before you go I want your promise of marriage." "Mary, I told you some days ago, that if I come through this war, I shall certainly marry you. I cannot marry you before the war is over, and besides, I am very poor, my people are poor and have no money, and that is how I am situated at present.

Ernest, dear, my own true love, money is no object; I am millionairess and you are my love. I could not live without you, dearest. You saved my life from the angry sea, and how can I repay you, if I do not give you love and money in return? Ernest, dear, I would go through burning fire for you, my love is so great. Why not marry me when we reach Colombo? You can go to the war and when everything is over, you can return to me, and whilst you are away in China, I can send you a thousand-pound cheque each month and more if you require it. What more can I say. You have my body and soul to play with and all the money you require. What more can I do, Ernest dear?" and then she began to cry. I said, "Don't cry, Mary dear, I will keep true to you and when the China War is over I shall return to you once more. I am very sorry I cannot promise to marry you before everything is settled, dear." Then she took from her pocket a handkerchief and wiped away the tears from her pretty blue eyes and smiled. "That's right, dear, don't cry any more." She said, "Give me just one more kiss and then you may go, Ernest." I kissed her and said, "Good morning, dear." "Good morning, Ernest." It was now getting quite light and hoping no one would see me I opened the door very quietly and stole away.

No one saw me leave Mary's cabin. As I approached the third deck I saw the deck-hands making preparations for cleaning the deck and passed them by quite boldly. They took no notice of me but just as I was entering my cabin the sergeant appeared and said, "You are up early this morning, Jefferies." "Yes, sergeant. I have been up practically all night." "What's the trouble with you?" "Well," I said, "You know I was complaining about pains in my head, so I took an overdose of medicine, and it has upset my stomach." The sergeant laughed and said, "Oh, well, it won't

do you any harm, anyway," and at that I entered my cabin, threw myself on the bed, and went to sleep.

I was too restless to sleep so got up, washed myself, and went on deck. It was a beautiful morning, and Tom was just coming off guard. "I said, "Hello, Tom, how did everything go?" Tom said, "Fine, Ern." "When did we reach dock?" "About 4 a.m." "Why," said I, "we ought to have been here about 10.30 p.m. yesterday." "Yes," Tom replied, "but something went wrong with the machinery and delayed us for two hours." "Tom, have you any idea how long we are going to remain here?" "I am sure, Ern, I don't know." I walked across to starboard and saw a few passengers ready to come aboard. In less than half an hour the ship was out to sea again.

About this time the bugle sounded for parade, the boys fell in, answered their names, and the O.C. read the orders of the day. We then had physical drill for half-an-hour. I was very nervous and unwell, but it was only imagination on my part that made me think everything was not quite as it should be. The O.C. was in a vile temper and was waiting his opportunity to give vent to his feelings, but I took good care that he did not see me doing anything wrong. Parade being over we were dismissed very early. I generally enjoyed physical drill but was indeed thankful when it was over that morning. I turned my attention to the saloon deck and looked to see if I could catch a glance of Mary, but could not. I waited quite a long time and then she appeared, smiling all over her pretty face. She came to me and I noticed that she seemed excited. "Ernest, what do you think, my uncle came aboard at Aden." "Your uncle?" "Yes," she replied, "my uncle." "Mary, what am I going to do now," "Carry on the same as usual, Ernest." I said, "How can I, he will find out?" "No he will not, Ernest; even if he does, I can explain the reason why."

She glanced up towards the saloon deck and said, "Ernest, There's my uncle standing over there." then she ran towards him. I was left standing in suspense and said to myself, "Now I have a chance to survey his countenance." Looking straight at him, I thought he looked a very broad-minded man and determined to use my influence over him. I could not hear them talking, but they



seemed very jolly and laughed a good deal. Turning around I engaged one of my friends in conversation and just then some one called me by name. It was Mary and she said, "Allow me to introduce you to my uncle," and to her uncle, "Let me introduce you to one of my very best friends, Ernest Jefferies. This gentleman is Mr. Ronald. We exchanged greetings and Mary carried on her conversation. "Uncle, Ernest is the young man I was telling you about, who saved my life from drowning." I congratulate you, Mr. Jefferies, you must be very plucky and well deserving of a very handsome present."

Mary had such a beautiful smile on her pretty face and I felt like kissing her. Mr. Ronald said, "where's your destination, Mr. Jefferies?" I told him we were on active service so have no permanent destination, but will arrive somewhere in North China, if nothing unforeseen happens. He wished me success and hoped I would return to my people safe and sound. Thanking him I gave him one of my girlish smiles. He then said, Mr. Jefferies, you are very young, how old are you?" "Sixteen last July." "My word, how on earth did you manage to join the army?" I told him I had enlisted over age. "Do you really want to go on active service?" he asked. I replied, "Oh, yes, or otherwise I should not be on this ship. He laughed heartily and after a few moments, "Well, my lad, you certainly have some pluck. Would you like to dine with us, Mr. Jefferies?" "I should be delighted to, but it is against the King's regulations for privates to dine with their superior officers."

Mr. Ronalds then said, "Oh, if that is the case I shall have to ask your commanding officer. I shall go and see him at once. Mary, dear, you stop with Mr. Jefferies while I see if I can get permission from his O.C." Away went uncle up the steps to the saloon deck and whilst he was going up the steps the O.C. was waiting to come down. When he got on the deck he saw an officer, looking very sarcastically in our direction. Approaching him he said, "Excuse me sir, do you mind telling me who is the officer commanding the troops?" "Yes, sir, I am the O.C." "Well, I wish to ask your permission to allow a soldier friend to dine with me and my niece to-night." "I am awfully sorry, sir, but it is against discipline. I cannot allow any permission." Uncle drop-



ed his head and thanking the officer, turned away. The O.C. came down the steps, Uncle following him. He was passing Mary, when she said, "How are you this morning, Mr. Howe?" He replied, "Not very well, this morning, Miss Smith. "Allow me to introduce you to my uncle, Mr. Ronald. "Oh," he replied, "You are late, your uncle has already introduced himself and asked my permission to allow your soldier friend to dine with both of you this evening." "And I suppose you will allow us permission," Mr. Howe." I am awfully sorry, Miss Smith, but I must refuse," and off he went about his business.

Mary then said, "Don't you think, uncle that it is monotonous?" "Monotonous?" he exclaimed. "Yes," she replied. Turning to me she said, "Never mind Ernest, it cannot be helped, we shall all dine together some day. Then Uncle laughed and said, "How can it be possible under such circumstances. You are going to New Zealand, and Mr. Jefferies is going to North China. She turned to him and said, "Uncle, Ernest and I are going to marry as soon as the war is over." Are you, he replied, "Who gave you permission?" No one," Mary said, "but I intend to marry Ernest, the man who saved my life; and listen, Uncle, don't be so dominating, you are not the O.C. of my family," and she smiled. Uncle said, "Come Mary, it's nearly time for lunch." "Alright, Uncle, you go and I shall be there in a few minutes," and off he went.

When he had got out of hearing I turned to Mary and said, "What do you think of our confounded O.C.?" She replied, "I think everything is all right, because if you had come in uniform they would be inquiring about Miss Swift." But I told her that it was impossible for me to make excuses from my army duties too often or I might be suspected. She then bid me good-bye and went to lunch. I watched her out of sight and went to my cabin to think over things. Realizing Mary's plan was best, I chuckled to myself, particularly when I thought of Miss L. Swift making love to Uncle. Just then the dinner bugle sounded and off I went to dinner. After dinner I went to the smoking room to read and smoke, and bye-and-bye fell asleep. How long I slept I do not know. I was awakened by a friend of mine, saying, "Wake up, Ern, it's tea-time." I must have slept two or three hours. Instead of going to the tea-table I

went to my cabin, had a good bath, and then went on deck and enjoyed the fresh air. Looking at my watch, I found it was 6.30 p.m. Said I to myself, "Now for a bit of sport," and went to Mary's cabin as fast as I could.

No one saw me approach so I opened the door and walked in. Mary was just buttoning up her dress. I said, "Mary, let me do that for you." "Oh, no, Ernest, you change as soon as you possibly can, in case Uncle should knock and walk in." "Oh, yes, I quite forgot about Uncle." I had only just finished changing, when a knock came, and Mary said, "That is Uncle, are you dressed, Ernest?" I was, so Mary opened the door and there he was. "Wait there a minute or two, Uncle, and then I will introduce you to my friend." She closed the door and came to me and said, "Ernest, let me look you over. Look here, your dress is open and your wig is not on right." I said, "Oh, Mary, I am very nervous. That means, I suppose, a brandy and soda," she replied. "Well, I cannot act unless I have one," so she poured for me a good glassful. I soon made short work of that one and thought I would like another. "There you are Ernest, are you alright now? Give me a kiss before we go on deck." I gave her one and said, "I will give you another for another brandy and soda." "Alright," Mary said, "but it must be an extra special." I gave what I thought an extra special one. She said, "Is that what you call an extra special one? Let me give you one, Ernest, dear," and she gave me several. "There you are, Ernest, that's what I call a kiss, and then she smiled and said, "Come along, Ernest dear, we must be off, Uncle will be waiting."

We strolled out on deck and found Uncle standing by the railings. We proceeded towards him and when close, Mary said, "Uncle we are awfully sorry for keeping you waiting." "Don't apologise, my dear, I know what you young ladies are when you are getting dressed for dinner or a ball. I cannot understand it. It takes quite four hours for you ladies to get ready for anything," and then he laughed out loud and Mary and I chimed in. She said, "Uncle I want to introduce you to my friend, Miss Lilian Swift." "How do you do, Miss Swift," he said. "Well, I have not been well since I came on this ship, and have been awfully sea-sick."

Mary said, "Yes, Uncle, and that is the reason why Miss Swift doesn't appear on deck very often." "Well, I must say, Miss Swift, you do not look very sea-sick. If any person should ask me a question about your looks, my answer would be very brief, and I should say that Miss Swift is very pretty and fascinating," and we all laughed heartily. "Uncle, I mean Mr. Ronald, please don't be personal," and then I put on one of my fascinating smiles.

The bell then rang for dinner. "Come along, girls, I feel very hungry," and away we all went to dinner. As we were passing through on our way to the dining room, people would look up and smile at us. We sat down and I was looking very shy at Uncle, when suddenly, Mary started to laugh and said, "Please, Lilian, don't look so shy, dear." I could not keep myself from laughing. Then the officers took their seats and Mary said, "Excuse me, gentlemen, I want to introduce both of you to my uncle, Mr. Howe. Mr. Howe, Mr. Ronald; Mr. Wells, Mr. Ronald." Uncle said grace and then we began dinner. The O.C. looked at me and said, "My word, Miss Swift, you look so fascinating." I replied, very shyly, "Do I, I don't feel that way inclined." After dinner, we all went on deck and Mary asked Mr. Ronald to take us for a promenade around the deck. Uncle was only too pleased and we walked away with him leaving the officers standing. As we were going towards the stern, I saw a very young fellow smile and raise his hat. He said, "Good evening." I returned his greeting. Mary looked at me and commenced laughing. Uncle said, "Mary, please do not laugh so loud, everybody is looking at us, so we walked around once more. Uncle then asked us to sit down and rest awhile, and Mary made an excuse to go to her cabin. Whilst she was away,

Uncle said, "Pray, Miss Swift, where are you travelling to?" "Oh, Mr. Ronald, I am going to New Zealand." And what part, Miss Swift?" I said, "Oh, Mr. Ronald, you are not a schoolmaster, are you?" No, Miss Swift, but I am very familiar with Auckland." "Well, Mr. Ronald, "I—I don't know much about the place, but I should say the population approximately is—is, let me think. I was thinking for quite a minute, and then took a sudden jump and said, 93,544." Uncle said, "Yes, Miss Swift, you are about right." I smiled and thought what a narrow escape for me. Uncle said,

"Well, Miss Swift, I must congratulate you on the amount of intelligence you possess." "Oh, thank you very much for your compliments, Mr. Ronald."

I was rather relieved than otherwise when the O.C. came and sat alongside of us and said, Miss Swift, will you take the first dance with me this evening?" Oh, no, thank you, Mr. Howe, I don't feel disposed to dance to-night, I want to keep company with Mary's uncle, Mr. Ronald." "Oh, very well, Miss Swift," and went off somewhere else. Uncle said, "I do not like the looks of that officer, Miss Swift." I smiled and said, "Don't you, Mr. Ronald, why?" "Well, I suppose you know Mary's friend, the soldier?" "Yes," I said, "Well, I asked his O.C. whether he would give him permission to dine with us this evening, but he told me that it was strictly against discipline to allow privates to dine with officers." I said, "Don't you think it is a shame, Mr. Ronald?" "Yes, I do." Then Mary returned and I said, "Mary, you have been a long time," "Yes, Lilian, my hair was coming down. I was obliged to undo it and do it up again. "Mary, Mr. Howe came and asked me to dance with him and I told him that I felt indisposed and off he went." "Yes, I know, Lilian. I have been talking to him. He thinks that you are very unkind not to dance with him." I replied, "He can think just whatever he likes, I never intend to dance with him any more." Uncle said, "What time does the orchestra begin to play, Lilian?" "Usually between 8 and 9 p.m.," I replied. "Oh, well, they ought to start very soon, how would you like to dance with me, Lilian?" "I shall be delighted." Thank you, we will dance the first dance together. The band began to play and Uncle said, "Come along, Lilian, and took my arm, and as we were waltzing I said, "Mr. Ronald, you certainly move very lightly on your feet for your age." Yes," Uncle replied. "I used to love dancing when I was a boy about your age. "I should think so, you certainly dance lovely, Mr. Ronald. After the dance we took our seat and Mary said, "Uncle, I hope you are not going to make love to Lilian." Uncle laughed heartily and said, My dear Mary, you would not object, would you, if I did?" whereat we all laughed and I said, "Mary, perhaps Uncle would like to propose to me. This caused



more laughter and then he said, "Well, Mary, I am not too old to propose yet."

Mary answered "No, I don't suppose you are, but—but it would be rather a difficult proposition for you to propose to Lilian, Uncle." I looked at Mary, wondering what else she was going to say and I noticed she was growing excited. "I said, "Mary, please drop the subject." "Well," she said, "I object to Uncle making himself so free with you. "I replied, "Don't be so jealous, Mary, you ought to know better." Mary gave me a beautiful smile and said, "Lilian, I want the very next dance with you." "Alright, dear, are you ready?" "Quite," and we glided off.

While Mary and I were dancing, I said, "Mary, I thought you were going to give the game away to your Uncle; for goodness sake don't place too much confidence in him." She smiled and said, "Lilian, dear, I was only joking with him." "Yes, but Mary, you never know what people make out of joking." Mary said, "Lilian, don't forget the time you have got to be —." "Alright, Mary, I know what you mean." After the dance was over I looked at my watch, 8.45 p.m. "Mary, you must make an excuse to your Uncle for me. Tell him I am not well and want to go to my cabin. We returned to where he was sitting and Mary made the excuse. Uncle said, "I am awfully sorry, Miss Swift, but pray go to your cabin if you are not well." "Good night, Mr. Ronald." "Good night, Miss Swift,"

Mary and I went to our cabin, got inside and locked the door. "Would you like a drink, Ernest?" "Certainly, Mary. I have not had one to-night yet and why don't you take a drink, too?" Mary said, "I think I will, Ernest. I don't feel very grand this evening." Mary got the brandy and soda ready and said "Here you are, Ernest, drink my health." "Oh, no, Mary, let us drink together." We drank together and after a minute or two, Mary began to feel extraordinarily jolly, and said, "Now Ernest, I wish to tell you that I have had enough of your promenading the deck with your O.C. and my uncle. I intend that you shall keep me company after this and then she smiled and said, "I command a kiss from you, Ernest." "Well," I said, "Wait until I have changed my dress." She replied, "I wait for nothing, I am waiting now for it, please give it to me."



"Alright, if you cannot wait, I suppose I must give it to you now," and then I kissed her. Mary said, "That's right, Ernest, now sit down, I want to talk nice to you." I sat down, and she said, "I suppose, Ernest, you are aware that it shall not be long before we arrive at Colombo?" I replied I had no idea when we should arrive there. "Well, Ernest, we are expecting to arrive there in a couple of days and I want to make the best of your company while I can." "Alright, Mary, go ahead with your conversation," She then said, "What is your address in China?"

Writing it down I gave it to her and told her that address would find me. She replied, "Why don't you desert and come with uncle and me?" I said, Mary, you know the promise I made you, I cannot go beyond that." Mary then said, "Now when we part I want you to write me regularly every week. If you don't I shall come to China and find you. You understand, Ernest?" "Yes, I understand, Mary." "Well give me that brandy bottle, there." I gave it to her and she poured out almost a glass full and said, "Here you are, dear, drink my health before you leave." I drank the contents, kissed Mary and said good night. "Oh, good night, Ernest," Mary said, "I must go and say good night to Uncle before I go to bed." "Well, Mary, give me a chance to get down on to the third deck before you make any attempt to leave your cabin, dear," and I opened the door very quickly, and got outside.

My heart leaped into my mouth, for someone was coming towards me. Rushing back into Mary's cabin as quick as I could, said "Mary, believe me, I am caught." "Caught," she echoed and looked startled. A knock came at the door and getting under the bed clothes as far as I could waited to see what would happen.. It was Uncle and he said, "Mary, I have come to wish you good night, dear. Is Miss Swift asleep?" "Yes, Uncle." Well, good night, Mary dear," and I heard him kiss her. "Good night, Uncle," she said, and he went away. Coming out from under the clothes I said to Mary, "Thank the Lord for that." She asked, "Do you think Uncle saw you, Ernest?" "Well, if he did not, he nearly did, I expect I was just a little too fast for him." Mary then said, "You certainly gave me a fright, I wondered whoever it was, rushing into my room." "Mary, I will try again, good night, dear." She





said, "Every time you say good night, I expect a kiss." Kissing her, I made for the door for the second time and got on deck alright and went as fast as I could down on to the third deck, entered my cabin, and looked at my watch. I was three minutes late and said to myself, "I must get into bed before the sergeant comes. His voice sounded a few cabins away and when the sergeant opened the door turned on the light, and said, "Oh, you are here alright, Jefferies?" I answered, "Yes, sergeant." Alright, good night," "Good night," and I went to sleep.

I slept very well and did not awake until I heard reveille next morning, and then got up, washed and brushed up ready for parade. "Thinking I would like a smoke, I lit a cigarette, and was enjoying it when I heard a voice from the saloon deck saying, "Good morning," Mr. Jefferies." I looked up and saw, to my surprise, Mary's uncle. I wished him good morning and strolled towards him and remarked what a fine and beautiful morning it was. Then, "Excuse me, sir, have you seen Miss Smith this morning?" "No, Jefferies, I have not. It is rather early for her." Uncle had hardly spoken these words when Mary appeared. "Good morning, Uncle," and she kissed him on the cheek. "Good morning, Lil—Ernest." I was going to give her a kiss, when Uncle said, "Mary, are you forgetting yourself?" She looked amazed, and said, "Oh, Uncle, I am awfully sorry, I really forgot myself. Then she smiled at me and winked her eye and said, Well, Mr. Jefferies, how are you progressing." Fine, thank you, Mary." Uncle said, "Mary, is Miss Swift up yet?" "Oh, no," she replied, "She does not get up much before the afternoon. You know, Uncle, Lilian is not very strong and she has been awfully seasick since she has been on the ship. Poor girl, I don't really know what would have happened to her if I had not taken care of her." He replied, "She is very young yet, perhaps when she gets older, she will get stronger. One thing, Mary, she is beautiful and very intelligent." Mary replied, "What about me, Uncle, am I not beautiful?" "Oh, yes, Mary but I was passing remarks about your dear friend, Lilian."

What Uncle had said, seemed to amuse Lilian, and she laughed heartily and I had to restrain myself also from laughing. Uncle had no idea of the cause of Mary's mirth and that the so-called

Miss Swift was actually in his presence. I was proud of myself at Uncle paying me such compliments. Bugle then sounded for parade and excusing myself from my friends I left them. The sergeant was shouting for the boys to fall in and answer their names. O.C. read the orders and then we began physical drill. Mary watched us all the time and laughing quite frequently. I was expecting the O.C. to tell her to stop, and after the parade was over he went up to Mary and said something. I could not hear what, but whatever it was did not appear to be pleasant. I thought the best thing I could do was to get right out of the way so went to the smoking room. I was just preparing to enjoy a read when a chum touched me on the arm and said, "Ern, there's a young lady wants to speak to you." I arose and went on deck to see who it was. There stood Mary. She greeted me with a smile and said, "I wish to speak to you a few minutes, Ernest." I asked what was the matter. She replied, "Did you see your O.C. talking to me after parade?" "Yes, Mary." "Well, he was in a very bad temper and said, 'Why do you laugh out so loud every morning when my men are on parade. You get the men so confused that really I lose all confidence in myself.' " "I confuse you, Mr. Howe, when I laugh, please don't talk nonsense.' " Then I looked at him very sarcastically and walked away." "Mary, please don't make an enemy of him, or perhaps he may try to get his revenge on you. Then again, you must think of the awful predicament you place me in." Mary said, "Oh, yes, Ernest, I forgot; but the next time I see him I shall apologise." "Yes, Mary, that will be the best plan. You must keep alright with him, or else I am certain he will try and spy on you, and if he does then it is all up with me." She then said, "I will go and seek his company and apologise. Good-bye for the present, dear," and she walked away.

After Mary had gone I went back to the smoking room and at once was asked by several fellows to join in a game of "nap," to which request I agreed. We played a considerable time, and after the game was over I was two pounds to the good. The bugle sounded for dinner so off I went and enjoyed my meal. After dinner, I played cards again until tea-time and I lost my two pounds I had won before dinner. After tea I went on deck for a smoke until six



p.m. when I went below for a wash and brush up. Going again on deck I awaited my opportunity, took advantage of it, and arrived at Mary's cabin safely. I opened the door, walked in and said, "Good evening, Mary, and did you make everything alright with my O.C.?" "Yes, Ernest. I apologised, and he said, 'Miss Smith, don't let it occur again.'" "I said, 'Keep you hair on,' and laughed at him. He could not help laughing, Ernest." "I suppose he thought you were ignorant, Mary?" "He can think what he likes. My people are just as good, if not better, than his." I said, "Well, Mary, give me a drink." "I will," she replied, "if you will give me a kiss." Thinking the exchange a good one, I kissed her. Mary said, "You had better change, Uncle will be here for us in a minute or two. "I was just changing my dress when a knock came at the door. She said, Ernest, Here he is." "Wait, Mary, while I get under the bed clothes." I got in and covered my head over.

Mary opened the door and said, "Oh, Uncle, sorry to keep you waiting. I was doing up my dress when you knocked at the door." He replied, "How is Miss Swift, this evening. Is she going to dine with us?" Mary answered, "Wait there Uncle and I will ask her. Lilian, dear, are you going to dine with Uncle and I this evening?" I said, "Oh yes, I shall dine with you both, Mary. "Mary then told her Uncle that Lilian would dine with them. Uncle said, "That's right, I am pleased; I shall call back in ten minutes, Mary, for both of you." "Thank you Uncle," Mary replied. I got out from under the clothes and said, "Mary I haven't got much time to get ready in," and was having another brandy and soda, when a knock came again. I drank up as fast as I could, put the bottle under the bed-clothes and said, "Mary, its alright." She opened the door and saw it was Uncle and said, "Lilian and I are quite ready, Uncle." Then turning to me "Come along, Lilian." I came forward and said, "Good evening," Mr. Ronald, and how are you this evening?" He replied, "I am in perfect health, Miss Swift, and how are you? Mary told me that you were not well." "No, Mr. Ronald, I feel awfully sick during the day. That is the reason why I do not get up." Mr. Ronald said, "You don't expect to get better if you lay in bed all day long and not get up for fresh air?" "Oh, well, Mr. Ronall, I can get all the fresh air I want through the port-hole."

The bell then rang for dinner so we all proceeded to the dining room, took our seats, the officers already having taken theirs. We wished them good evening and started dinner. I did not enter into the conversation that immediately started but left it to Mary and Uncle; I intended to make sure of one meal a day, and was satisfying myself very nicely, when suddenly the O.C. said, "Miss Swift, you must be very hungry, having nothing to eat all day. I have not seen you once at this table during the day, since I have been on board." "O, no, Mr. Howe, and of course you know the reason why I remain in my cabin?" "Yes, Miss Swift, but why not get out on deck, more?" "Because I do not feel disposed to." He never said another word and after dinner we all went on deck and sat down to enjoy the air.

Turning to Mr. Ronald, I asked him when he thought we would arrive at Colombo. He answered, "Tomorrow, sometime." I said, "We change on to another ship there, do we not?" "Yes," he replied. I thought that I should have to get Mary away early this evening so we could make preparations for the morrow. I called her aside and said, "Mary, ask Uncle if he will excuse us, I want to speak to you confidentially." "Certainly," Mary replied. She went across to Uncle and said, "Please, Uncle, excuse Lilian and I, we are going to our cabin for about an hour. Uncle replied that he would remain on deck until we returned and Mary and I went to our cabin. After locking the door, I turned to her and said, "Now, Mary, why did you not take the trouble to find out when we were going to arrive at Colombo?" "Well, Ernest, I quite forgot all about it." "Well, Mary, I should not have known only I asked your Uncle and he told me that we arrive there to-morrow. I asked him if we changed ships and he said we did, but he must have been thinking about something else when I asked him, because you go on to your destination with this ship and we change on to another for China. I think the name of the other ship is called 'Paramatta,' but am not sure. However, I shall find out before leaving, Mary." She said, "Well, if that is the case we shall spend the remainder of the evening to ourselves." "Well, Mary, before we begin, you had better inform Uncle I am not very well and ask him if he will excuse

you for the remainder of the evening, as you much prefer to look after me." "Alright, Ernest, I shall go right now."

Whilst Mary was away, I was enjoying my brandies and sodas. They were fine. Mary was a long time gone, so I thought I would pass the time away reading. Mary's grip was close by so I opened it, thinking that I might find a book concealed somewhere. I turned out quite a lot of things and just before I came to the bottom, saw Mary's photograph. I took just a glance at it, and then put it into my pocket, and at last discovered a book. I put all the things back carefully, and just as I was closing the grip, Mary walked in and said, "What are you doing, Ernest?" I answered, "Mary, you were such a long time gone, I thought I might as well read until you came back." "Yes, Ernest, but there are plenty of books without going to my grip for any." I said, "Oh, Mary, don't get out of temper, dear." She replied, "I am not out of temper, but you know, Ernest, it is not nice for boys like you to look into girls' grips or anything else." "Well, Mary, if you don't like it, I will put the book back again." Mary answered, "Oh no, Ernest, I don't care about the book, but you know there are a lot of dirty clothes in there, that's why I don't like it; but now that you have seen them I suppose it does not matter much. I burst out laughing and said, "Mary, what did your Uncle say?" "He said it was quite alright, Mary, go by all means and attend to Lilian." Mary laughed heartily and said, "Ernest, you will know almost as much about my sex as I know myself before you leave this ship. Then she laughed out loud and said, "Never mind, Ernest, carry on." "Well, Mary, time is getting short now, can you tell me a nice little story to-night?" "Yes, Ernest, but I must have just a little drink of brandy and soda, before I start." I got the brandy and gave Mary a very nice drink. "Thank you, Ernest," now I shall begin.

"Ernest, when I am at home, I generally have tea parties twice a week, and I invite all my friends. I am so happy when I am in their company. One day I suggested that the girls should divide themselves into small groups and each one should be compelled to tell a story. They quite agreed with the suggestion and I chose five girls. They were much older than myself, and one of them, Marie, a very intelligent girl, began this story.

"Signor Gentil de Carisendi, on his return from Modena, took out of the grave a lady whom he had loved and whom they had buried for dead. She recovered and was delivered of a son, which he presented, with the lady, to her husband, Niccoluccio Cacciaminico. The story in detail, Ernest, I shall now tell you":—

"It appeared to everyone present, a singular thing for a man to be so lavish of his blood, and the company affirmed that Nathan's generosity had certainly surpassed that of the King of Spain and the Abbot of Cligni. But when, from one thing or another, they had spoken enough on the subject, the King, looking towards Lauretta, signified that she should tell her story, upon which she began:

"Young ladies, the things which have been related have been great and extraordinary and it seems to me as if there remained nothing to us who have yet to speak, which can surpass the interest of those tales, so much are they embellished by the splendid things related. We may return to the subject of love, which always yields abundant material for discourse, and for this reason and as it is always a suitable topic for people of our age, I shall refer to an act of munificence on the part of an enamoured young gentleman, which, everything considered, will appear perhaps not inferior to what has been already recounted, if it true that people give away their wealth, forget animosities, run a thousand risks of their lives, and what is more, are ready to satisfy honour and fame and everything to reach the desired object.

"There was at Bologne, a noble city of Lombardy, a knight, who was much esteemed for his merit and nobility of blood, named Monsieur Gentil Carisendi. While quite young he became enamoured of a Madam Cataline, wife of a certain Niccoluccio Casciaminico, and as his love was not returned by the lady, he went in a state of despondency to Modena, whither he had been called as magistrate. At the time Niccoluccia, being absent from Gologna and the lady having gone to his country house, about a league from the city, resolved to remain there for some time as she was enciente. Now it happened that she was taken ill suddenly and severely, that all hopes of saving her life were given up, and at last the doctors declared that she was dead. Her nearest relatives, having been in-



formed by her that she had been pregnant for too short a time for her child to be alive, without troubling themselves further, had her buried in a neighboring church. This event having been suddenly announced to Monsieur Gentil by one of his friends, he was very much grieved, although he had been little favored by the lady, and at last he said to himself, "Alas, Madame Catalina, you are dead."

"Oh, Mary, please, do not say any more, you make me nervous." Mary smiled and said, "I hope you will not do anything like that, Ernest." I replied, "Oh, no, I am much too young, Mary dear." "Well, I will continue; it will not take me more than half-an-hour to finish, Ernest. "Alright, Mary, go ahead," and Mary continued:—

"While you were alive I could not obtain a glance from you; now, therefore, since you can no longer prevent me, I shall take one kiss." Saying this, and night having fallen, he gave orders that his absence should be kept secret, and having got on horseback, accompanied by one servant, he went without stopping to the place where the lady was buried, and having entered the tomb, he at once lay down by the ladies' side and began to embrace her many times, the while shedding abundant tears; but as we often remark, the appetite of man is never satisfied, and always desires more, above all that of a lover, Gentil, having resolved to wait no longer, said to himself, "Ah, why should I not gently touch her bosom since I am here? I shall never touch her again, and I have never touched before."

"Conquered by this desire, he put his hand on her bosom and held it there a moment, and to his surprise, he appeared to feel the lady's heart beating. Dismissing all fear, and searching with more attention, he found that in fact that she was not dead, although it was plain that little life remained. By the help of his servant he gently drew her out of the tomb and having placed her before him on horseback, he carried her off secretly to his house at Bologna."

I looked at my watch and said, "Mary, it is 9 p.m. I have only fifteen minutes and I require another drink before going, Mary." Mary smiled and said, "Take whatever drink you require, Ernest, and please give me one, too." I gave Mary a strong one, think-



ing it would make her go to sleep, but no, it made her more talkative. Mary was determined to finish her story, so continued:—

“With him there lived his mother, a wise and worthy lady, who, when her son had told her everything, struck with pity, brought the lady back to life by means of a huge fire, and putting her in a bath, when she had recovered her senses, she heaved a great sigh and said, ‘Alas, where am I.’ Madame Catalina, completely conscious, looked all around her, and not recognising where she could be, but seeing before her Monsieur Gentil, was filled with amazement, and begged his mother to tell her why she had been brought there; upon which are related the whole story in every detail. Much distressed by this, after reflecting a moment, she thanked him as well as she could, and then begged him, by the love of which he had formerly spoken, and by his courtesy, that she would not be retained in his house, a thing which could not be for her own or her husband’s honor, and that, when day should break, he would allow her to return home. ‘Madam,’ replied Monsier Gentil, ‘whatever had formerly been my desire, I do not intend, for the present or the future, to treat you otherwise than a sister; but the service which I have rendered you to-night deserves a recompense; therefore I wish you not to refuse a request which I shall ask.’ The lady replied, with an affable air, that she was ready to do what he wished, if the thing was honorable. Then Monsieur Gentil said, ‘Madam, all your relations and all the Bolognese believe you to be dead; therefore, no one is looking for you. I wish you to remain secretly here with my mother till I return to Modena, which will be without delay. The reason why I make this request is this:—I intend in your presence, and before the principal citizens of our City, to make your husband a valuable and solemn gift.’ The lady, recognising the idea of the knight, and feeling that the suggestion was quite honorable, although she was anxious to return to her relations to let them see she was alive, decided to do what he asked and gave him her word that she would; but scarcely had she replied, when she found that the moment of her accouchment had arrived and, tenderly watched over by Gentil’s mother, she speedily brought into the world a fine male child, which redoubled the joy of Gentil and his mother.

"Monsier Gentil ordered everything that was necessary to be done, and to serve her as if she had been his own wife, and then returned to Modena. There his term of magistracy having expired before he returned to Bologna he caused to be prepared for the day on which he was to enter Bologna, a great festival in his own house for a great number of Bolognese gentlemen, among whom was Niccoluccio Cacciaminico. On his return he found himself in the midst of his guests, finding likewise the lady well recovered and her little son in good health."

I said, "Good gracious, Mary, what next." Mary laughed heartily and said, "Oh, it's quite alright, Ernest, nothing to worry about yet," and continued:—

"Then he sat down among his friends and began the feast with a merry air. The repast drawing near its end and having told the lady what he was going to do, and arranged his with her, he said, 'Gentlemen, I remember once having heard that in Persia there was a good custom, in my opinion. When anyone wished to do honour to his friends he invited him to dinner and there showed him what was dearest to him—his wife, or child, or a friend or anyone, or anything else, affirming that, if he could, he would show him the core of his heart. This custom I intend to observe at Bologna. You have come to honour my banquet and I wish to honour do you honour in the Persian fashion, by showing you what I hold dearest in the world and yet which I can never possess; but first I must ask you to tell me what you think of a doubt I have to submit to you. There was one who had a good and faithful servant who fell very ill. Without waiting for the death of this servant his master threw him into the middle of the street and took no care of him. There came by a stranger who, moved with pity, took great care of him and cured him. I wish to know if, watching over him like his servant, the first master ought really to say, in good justice, that he was at liberty to blame the second master, if he should refuse to yield him up?'

"The gentlemen having discussed the question and finding themselves all of the same opinion, entrusted their reply to Niccoluccio Cacciaminica, as he was a good speaker. He praised greatly the Persian custom and said he was of the same opinion as the

others; that the first master had no right over his servant, since he had not only abandoned but cast out his servant, and that, from the kindness of the second master, the servant truly seemed to belong to him. Accordingly, if he kept possession of him the second master would inflict no injury or injustice upon the first. All the other guests, among whom were men of considerable distinction, declared that they all held the same view, as Niccoluccio.

"The knight, satisfied with this reply, and especially with that which Niccoluccio had made him, declared that he also held the same opinion. Then he said, 'It is time that I should do you honor according to my promise,' and having called two of his servants, he sent them to the lady, whom they had richly clothed and ornamented, and asking her to give him the pleasure to join the gentlemen, the lady, having taken her beautiful child in her arms, came into the room accompanied by two servants. There at the request of the knight, she sat beside a gentleman, and Monsieur Gentil said, 'Gentlemen, this lady is she whom I hold as the most precious. You will see if I have not reason.'

"The gentlemen, after having greatly honored and praised her, pronounced her worthy of his esteem, and looking more closely at her more than all the rest, and the knight having gone aside for a been that they thought she was dead. But Niccoluccio looked at her, several of them would have declared who she was, had it not moment, he could contain himself no longer but asked if she were of Bologna, or a stranger. The lady, being thus questioned by her husband, could scarcely refrain from giving him an answer, yet regarding her instructions, she remained silent. Another of the guests, having asked if the infant was her own, and another if she were the wife of Gentil, or any other relation to him, received no answer. She kept silent. So when the knight returned, one of the party said, "Sir, she is a beautiful creature you have there, but she appears to be dumb. Is she really so?' 'Gentlemen,' said Monsiur Gentil, 'her silence is no small proof of her virtue.' 'Tell us then,' pursued the questioner, 'who she is.' 'I will willingly do so,' said the knight, up condition that you will promise me that, whatever I say, no one shall leave this place till I am finished.'

Each one having given this promise, Monsier Gentil sat down beside the lady, and said, 'Gentlemen, this lady is the loyal and faithful servant regarding whom I put the question to you a little while ago. Her own people holding her lightly in estimation, she was thrown out like a worthless thing into the street and was rescued by me. By my care and my own hands I have saved her from death.'

I interrupted, "Surely, Mary, you are not going to keep dinging into my ears about saving your life all the time, I only did my duty." "Oh, Ernest, I am telling you a story. You must be going to sleep or else you would know exactly what I am telling you about." "Alright, Mary, go ahead, while I have a brandy and soda to keep me awake." "I will not keep you long now, Ernest, I am nearly through."

"Gentil then said, God, having regard to my affection for her, has restored her from the terrible figure she was, to her full beauty, as you see, but that you may understand this more thoroughly, I shall tell you the whole story shortly. Commencing to recount how he was enamoured of the lady, he told everything up to the present hour, to the great astonishment of all. Then he added, 'That is why, if you and especially Niccoluccio, have not changed your opinion of a moment since, this lady properly belongs to me, and no one can have the right to demand her from me.' No answer was made to this, but all stood waiting to hear more. Niccoluccio, all the others, and the lady herself, wept with emotion. But Monsieur Gentil, having risen and taking the little child in his arms and the lady by the hand, went right up to Niccoluccio and said, 'Rise, my friend, I don't give you back the wife whom your relations and her own have rejected, but I wish to give you this lady, who is my friend, with her little son, who I am sure, has been forgotten by you, and whom I have had baptised, by my own name, Gentil, and I beg you will not hold him the less dear because he has remained three months in my house, for I swear to you, by that God who perhaps made me amorous of her, that my love should be, as in fact was, the cause of her rescue, that she has never lived more honorably with her father or mother, or yourself, than she had with me. When he had said this, he turned to the lady and said, 'Madam, I now re-



lease you from your promise, and hand you over freely to Niccoluccio.' Having put the lady and the infant into the other's arms, he sat down.

Niccoluccio received his wife and son with joy, so much the greater than that it was unexpected, and as well as he was able, he thanked the knight and all the others, who wept out of pity, and praised exceedingly this good action, which was much approved, by everyone who heard it. The lady was received at her own house by a splendid fete and was looked on by the Bolognese for a long time as a great wonder, as one raised from the dead.

"As to Monsier Gentil, he remained the constant friend of Niccoluccio and his relations, as well as those of the lady. What will you then say, gracious ladies? Do you think that the action of a king who gives away his sceptre and his crown, of an abbot who has, although it cost him nothing, reconciled a malefactor to the Pope; or of an old man who offers his throat to the knife of his enemy, can equal the conduct of Monsieur Gentil, who, young and ardent, and believing himself to have a just title to what other people's carelessness had thrown away, not only restrained his desire, but generously restored what he had for a long time desired and sought to josses. Indeed, none of those generous deeds recounted before, in my opinion, at all equal this."

"Ernest—Ernest, wake up what on earth is the matter with you. I thought that you were listening to me. Come along, there's a good fellow." I woke up, rubbed my eyes and said, "What—what's the matter? Oh, Mary, what's the time, I shall get into trouble." She replied, "It's just 9.15 p.m." Then a knock came at the door. I was just changing my dress so jumped under the bed-clothes. Mary answered the door and said, "Oh, it's you, Uncle. I was just going to bed. I have been reading to Lilian, until she fell asleep. I have only just finished." Uncle said, "How is Miss Swift, is she any better, Mary?" "Oh, yes, Mary replied, much better. "Well, I will say good night, Mary, I am very tired." "Good night, Uncle." I heard Mary close the door and then I came out and said, "Mary, I must have a drink before I go." After a drink I felt much better so said, "Come along, Mary, just one kiss for you and away I go." Mary replied, "Come along, then,



and let me have it in double-quick time." I gave her a kiss and said "Good night, Mary dear," opened the door, and rushed to the third deck as fast as my legs would carry me. I managed that part safe, but I discovered that I had not changed my dress.

What shall I do, I thought. I could not go back in case anyone should see me and I could not go to my cabin, all the fellows would be after me and then the game will be up. I determined to chance it and so I bolted for my cabin. As luck would have it, no one was about. I managed to get in safe, but I was very nervous but the best thing I could do was to answer my name and then go back to Mary's cabin as quietly as I possibly can. Suddenly I heard a voice saying, "Answer your names." I was in luck's way. I got into bed and waited for the sergeant. Presently he opened the door and shouted, "Jefferies, Jefferies." "Here, sergeant, I replied." Waiting a few minutes I opened the door to see if anyone was watching and then gradually crept along until I saw an opportunity to rush to Mary's cabin. The course was clear and away I went. I managed to get to Mary's cabin, alright, but the door was locked. I knocked very gently but got no answer, so went to the port-hole and saw that it was open but the light was out. Drawing back the curtain I called, "Mary, Mary," then heard Mary's voice say, "Who are you, what do you want?" I answered, "It's me, Ernest." Mary asked what was the matter. "Open the door, quick, somebody is coming." I just managed to get in when they went by. "Close the port-hole, quick, Mary," and then I ducked under the clothes. I heard a voice saying outside, "Please put that light out." Mary replied, "You mind your own business, I shall put this light out when I feel disposed."

While this conversation was going on my heart was in my mouth wondering what was going to happen next. I said, "Put the light out for a few seconds until he has gone." Mary put the light out, closed the port-hole, drew the curtain, and then put the light on again and said, "Ernest, whatever is the matter?" I replied, "Look at me, I went out and forgot to change." "Good gracious, so you have." I said "Lucky for me. I answered my name and then came back. "It's a good job you woke up when you did, or else that policeman would have had me." Mary gave a hearty

laugh and said, "Fancy you going out like that, half dressed, no wig on." I could not help laughing myself. "Well. I said, 'I could have done this every night, Mary, if I had only thought of it. I could have answered my name and then come back again; What a fool I have been.'" Mary laughed again and said, "Well, being its the last night on board for you, we may as well enjoy ourselves. There is plenty of drink for you and you can smoke when you like and I can either read to you or tell you another story." "I think you had better read, Mary."

Mary took up a book and said, "I think this one will suit you, Ernest, it's a love story." "Alright, Mary, I don't mind, get on with it." While Mary was reading I laid on the bed, listening and laughing occasionally. Then I would take a glance at Mary. Then the thought of marrying her flashed through my mind. She looked so beautiful, with her hair hanging down her back, almost to her lovely slender waist; and occasionally she would look and smile at me and say, "Now Ernest, are you listening to me." "Oh yes, dear, but—but I cannot help admiring you, I think you are the most handsome lady in the world." Mary gave such a beautiful smile and replied, "I often glance at you and think that you are handsome and that there is no other man in the world like you, Ernest."

Then she drew near to me, her face grew pale and she said, "Ernest, dear, give me what I ask of you." I was absolutely amazed for a moment, wondering what Mary was going to ask. She said, "Please, Ernest, don't look like that. Please give what I ask of you," and then she smiled. "Well, dear, what do you require? I am willing to do anything that lays in my power." "Well, Ernest, please give me such a lovely kiss," and then laughed. I said, "Oh, Mary you have greatly disappointed me. Why don't you take a kiss when you feel disposed. Then I kissed her and asked if she was perfectly satisfied. She said she was and went on with her reading.

After Mary had been reading to me for about an hour, I looked at my watch and said, "Mary, it's two o'clock, don't you think you had better go to bed and rest yourself, and I go to my cabin?" "Just as you please, Ernest, but I want to give you something before you go." She took from her satchel a cheque book and said,

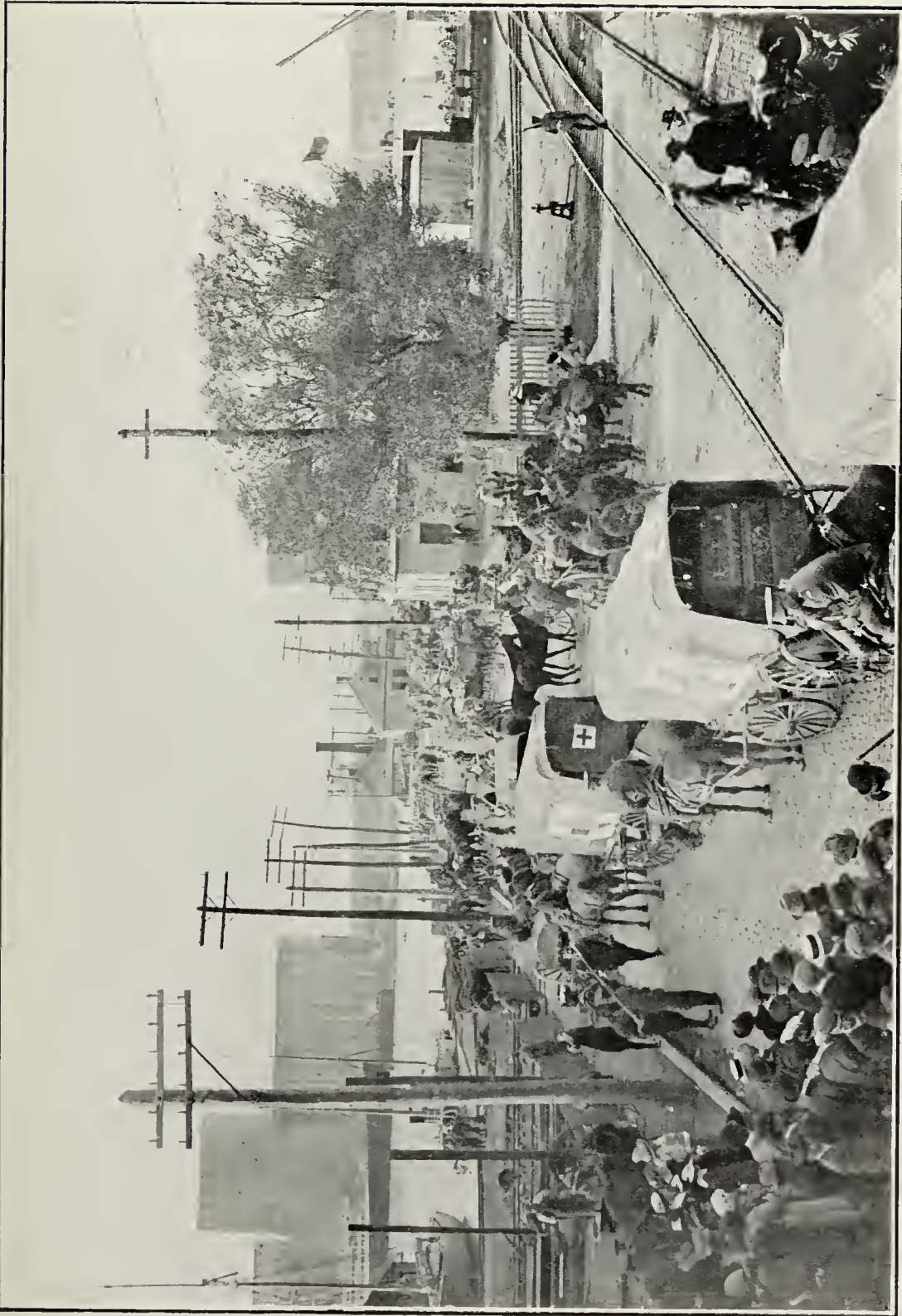
"Ernest, I am going to give you a present for your kindness towards me, not only in saving my life, but—you know, dear I love you." Then she took the pen and ink and wrote out a cheque for five hundred dollars and said, "Here you are, Ernest. When you reach your destination, you can cash it." "Where, Mary?" "At any bank in China and, Ernest, if you will marry me when you return I will give you all the money I possess." I said, "Thank you, Mary, but I don't require your money. You have certainly taught me the way to love you and that I shall never forget. Mary, to-morrow we shall part; God only knows when we shall meet again." She replied, "If not in this world, we may in the next and then she began to sob. "Don't cry, Mary, it will not do a bit of good." She wiped her pretty eyes and looked up and smiled and kissed me again and again and said, "Don't think me foolish, Ernest; I love you, I cannot live without you, dear." I said, "Mary, if you carry on like this I shall have to be very stern with you." "Alright, Ernest, I shall try and not hurt your feelings any more, dear. Kiss me." I kissed her and said, "Now behave yourself, Mary, and listen to me. What are you going to say to your Uncle to-morrow? You will have to make some excuse because he will be inquiring about Miss Swift when he discovers my absence." She replied, "I shall tell Uncle this story: That Miss Swift has decided to remain at Colombo for a week with her relations. She feels that she cannot continue the journey on account of being unwell. I shall say that you made up your mind in a hurry and the ship was about to leave, so she had not time to say good-bye to her friends before leaving." "That will do fine, Mary. Now I must be going or else it will be light before I get to my cabin." "Well, Ernest, I am very sorry to part with you and wish you could stay with me altogether." "Now, Mary, surely you are not going to start again on the old subject." "No," she replied, "but—but I hate to say good-bye to you, Ernest." Come along, Mary," there's a good girl." "Well, good-bye, Ernest, and then she kissed me and said, "I hope you will return to me. You have my address; and don't forget to write regularly, there's a dear." Then she turned her head and I said, "Good-bye, Mary, until we meet again, soon." She smiled and replied, "It sounds lovely to hear you say that Ernest." Then I kissed her and said, "Mary this

good-bye is really meant for to-morrow, so when we part don't make any fuss." "Alright, dear, I shall try not too." Opening the door quietly, I took a last glance at Mary. She smiled and off I went to my cabin. I reached it safely, threw myself on the bed and tried to go to sleep, but could not. I took from my pocket Mary's photo. Taking a good look at it I said to myself, "Well, if she is not one great kid, tell me who is. I'll bet some people would almost do anything if they only thought for a moment that they had a chance to make love to her. Her beauty and her perfect figure is enough for any person to fall in love with," She certainly had made me love her and if I could only have married her on the morrow I would have been happy. But I put that out of my mind. On active service, one never knows what is going to happen. I shall apply for my discharge when peace is proclaimed.

The bugle sounded for parade. I had not been asleep, but it was no use grumbling so up I got, had a brush-up and wash and went on deck. Here I met a chum and asked him when we were due at Colombo. "In less than two hour's time." "Well," I said, "There won't be any parade this morning." "Oh, yes, there will be," he replied, "but not for physical drill, but probably the O.C. wants to tell us to make preparations for disembarking." Then the sergeant shouted for us to fall in. We did so and answered our names and the O.C. said, "Well, men, we are approaching Colombo. When we arrive there, we disembark and tranship on to a ship named 'Parramatar,' and then proceed to China. Now I want you all to get ready within an hour. Alright, dismiss." We then broke away.

Standing against the railings looking towards the saloon deck, I saw Mary and her Uncle approaching and went to meet them. "Good morning, lady and gentleman," "Good morning," they replied, and said, "So you are leaving us shortly, Mr. Jefferies?" "Yes," I replied, "I hope I enjoy the remainder of the voyage the same as I have done the first part." Mary grew pale and said, "Mr. Jefferies, you must be very careful and not get into any trouble while you are on the next ship." Uncle chimed in and said, "You were not in any trouble on this ship?" "Oh no," Mr. Ronald," I hastened to reply, "I fancy Mary thinks about the trouble I had





FIELD AMBULANCE R.M.C. EMBARKING AT QUEBEC.  
(First Contingent)





to save her life." "Oh, yes," Uncle said. I said, "Mary, you are not looking well this morning, what is the matter?" She replied, "It has not come to matter, yet, Ernest," and smiled. "Uncle then said he was going to his cabin for a few minutes and asked Mary to remain with me until he returned. "Mary, did you mention anything about Miss Swift going, to your Uncle?" "No, Ernest, not until you have gone or at least until the ship arrives at the dock." "Mary please don't make any scene when we are leaving you. I shall keep my promise alright, dear." She dropped her head and said, "If you disappoint me once while you are in China, I shall come there and shall want to know the reason why, Ernest." "I shall not disappoint you, Mary. Trust to me and I shall trust to you," and then Uncle returned and said, "Mr. Jefferies, I am giving you a present for saving Mary's life. It is not a great one, but it is something in recognition of your bravery." Thanking him I said, "Mr. Ronald, I only did my duty."

The bugle sounded the "fall in." We were approaching the dock. I said, "Good-bye, Mary," and smiled at her, "until we meet again." Good bye, Mr. Ronald. I thank you very much for your present." "Good-bye," they answered, and I went on parade, answering my name. As soon as the gang-way was put down we marched off. I looked back several times and each time I saw Mary waving her handkerchief, but I dare not wave back to her, lest the officers saw me.

We were not long in embarking on the "Parramatar." She was converted into a transport for troops. The accommodation was terrible and I was wishing myself back on board of the "Victoria" before I had been on the "Parramatar" very long. I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out the cheque that Uncle had given me and looked at it. It was a cheque for one thousand dollars." I said, to myself, "When I get a settled destination I shall open a bank account. I have fifteen hundred dollars, I am a rich man. Well, it's an old saying, 'It's better to be born lucky than rich,' and put the cheques back in my pocket. While I was putting them back I felt something else and pulling it out, gazed at it with delight. It was Mary's photo, and I thought what a handsome girl she was. Just then the O.C. came along and saw me looking at the photo,

and said, "Jefferies, what photo have you there?" I replied, "My sister's, sir." "Let me glance at it." I showed him it and then he said, "Why, this is not your sister, this photo belongs to a young lady named Miss Smith, on the 'Victoria.' I said, "Yes, sir I call her my sister." "Why do you call her your sister?" "I don't know sir, unless it is because I saved her life." "She was certainly worth saving, Jefferies." "Yes, sir." Then he gave a very sarcastic smile and went off.

We started on our journey for China and I was very miserable. I could not enjoy myself amongst the boys; sometimes I would have a game of cards but would not enjoy it and was absolutely melancholy all the time, more especially after we landed in China. I would go practically every day to the O.C. and ask him if he could get my discharge. "No," he would say, "you cannot get your discharge, and before peace is proclaimed, there is quite a lot of work to be done, Jefferies." I was not long in China before I was taken ill with enteric fever and was taken to a field hospital. There I remained for six months between life and death, but after four months I was able to eat a little and sit up, so I asked the doctor whether I could read my correspondence. He replied, "Yes, I think you can, Jefferies." I had a big pile to read and answer. Some letters were from mother, some from my best friends, and then I discovered some from Mary. I looked at Mary's first, and read thus:—

The Chestnuts,  
Adelaide Avenue,  
Adelaide, Australia,  
September 4th, 1900.

My dear Ernest:—

Uncle and I arrived home quite safe. I missed you very much after we parted. Uncle asked about Miss Swift so I made the excuse you know of. He quite believed it was true; and everybody is in the very best of health. I told mother and father about you saving my life and they told me to thank you on their behalf, and said they wished they could thank you personally. Now, dear, I hope you are keeping your promise towards me and don't stray, my dear Ernest. I haven't had much time on my hands since I

came home. There is such a lot to do, so you must excuse me this time. I will endeavor to write more next. Good-bye, dear, until we meet again.

I remain,

Your ever loving friend,

MARY M. SMITH.

I opened the next letter and that read:—

October 15th, 1900.

My dear Ernest:—

I have not received any letters from you yet, and practically two months has gone by. Cannot you find time, or is it that you have forgotten all about me? Kindly write and let me know, because I cannot live in this suspense much longer. If you do not answer my letter I shall feel inclined to commit suicide. Please excuse me, Ernest, for writing such an awful letter. I cannot help it, dear. I do feel so irritable and melancholy without you, dear. Do answer this letter and send me an answer by return.

I remain,

Your ever loving sweetheart,

MARY SMITH.

After reading that letter I felt worse and was obliged to lay down. Calling the nurse to me I asked her to read the letter and she did. I said, "Is it possible to send a telegram from here?" "Oh, yes, Jefferies." I said, "Nurse, you might send one for me." "Certainly, Jefferies," she replied, and went off to get a pen and ink. While she was away, I thought of poor Mary and my promise. If she only knew she would forgive me for not writing to her; but perhaps the cablegram might explain all to her. The nurse returned and came close to my bedside and said, "Jefferies, you dictate to me what you like and I will write it down and the first opportunity I get shall send it off." The cablegram read:—

1st Field Hospital, C.E.F.,

North China.

Dear Mary:—

I am awfully sorry for not answering your letter. I have been very ill for the past four months, with enteric fever but have been able to sit for a few minutes to-day. After reading your se-

cond letter I had to lay down, I had such an awful feeling and my temperature has gone up to 102, so you will quite understand why I have not written. Hoping this cablegram will put your mind at rest. I shall write a nice long letter to you as soon as I am able. Good-bye for the present, dear, and many kisses.

I remain, your ever loving and affectionate boy,

ERNEST JEFFERIES.

The nurse asked me if that would be all. "Yes, sister, I think that will explain." "Then, Jefferies, make yourself comfortable and then go to sleep. I shall send this off at the first opportunity." Making myself comfortable I tried hard to go to sleep, but could not, and in about an hour the nurse came to me and said, "Jefferies, are you asleep?" "No, sister." "Well, I have sent your cablegram off and she will receive it to-morrow. Now try and go to sleep." I said, "Sister, I cannot, I imagine all kinds of things." "Never mind, Jefferies, do not let anything worry you until you are well again." After considerable time I managed to drop off to sleep, but not for long. I woke up and saw the doctor standing by my bed, the orderly holding the light. I heard the doctor say to the nurse, "Nurse, how is Jefferies?" She replied, "He has got a relapse, doctor, his temperature is 102." The doctor looked at my eyes and said to the nurse, "Put some ice on his head, and after two hours take his temperature and, if it has not gone down, notify me." "Very good doctor," she replied, and off they went.

In about an hour I went off to sleep again, only to wake up and have my temperature taken again. I was praying for morning to come so that I could see the reply to my cablegram. Morning came, but no answer; afternoon, no answer. I began to wonder why, when suddenly the orderly came to my bed and said, "Jefferies, are you awake?" I replied, "Yes." "Here is a cablegram for you." I said, "You might inform the nurse, I wish to speak to her, please." He went away and the nurse came running in and said, "What can I do for you, Jefferies?" I said, "Please, sister, read this cablegram to me." She took it and read:—



The Chestnuts,

Adelaide Avenue,

Adelaide, Australia.

Dear Sir:—

In answer to your cablegram received on the 2nd inst., I beg to inform you that my daughter died about a month ago quite accidentally. She was supposed to have been taking medicine but by mistake took poison. I am very sorry to inform you of such awful news. I hope you will make a speedy recovery from your illness.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

W. H. SMITH.

I said, "Oh, sister, what a terrible end to my poor dear Mary, whatever shall I do?" "Now, Jefferies," she said, "You must not give way. I am awfully sorry and all that, but if you intend getting better you must not grieve over people leaving this world for a better one. You must bear your troubles like a brave man. Remember, Jefferies, you are a soldier and must act like one. We all have troubles in this world I am sorry to say, Jefferies and you must promise me that you will not worry yourself. If you do you will only get me into trouble for reading the cablegram to you. I am supposed to consult the doctor on any subject like this before being allowed to read or write anything for patients." "Alright, sister, I will endeavor to bear my sufferings to the best of my ability. Poor Mary, she told me that she would commit suicide, but if she only had known that I was stricken down with enteric fever, I am certain that she would not have done it." Then I thought, God gaveth and God taketh away, what is to be will be, and no human being can alter God's good works. If I myself could only die, a natural death, I would willingly do so. I had nothing to live for now, but it was not God's will that I should die. I wished for death but it was denied me. And one day, when I felt unusually well, I called the nurse and said, "Sister, I never knew that it was so hard to die and easy to live." She looked astonished and said, "Surely you have not tried to die, Jefferies?" "Yes, I have, sister. but could not. I don't suppose it was God's will that I should." She smiled

and said, "Jefferies, I feel sure you are not going to die; if you were you would have been a box of cold meat months ago."

The quaint way in which the nurse expressed herself caused me to laugh and within a few weeks from that day, I was on board ship bound for Hong Kong. The doctor thought the winter was too severe for me. The journey took about four days, and before I reached Hong Kong I was taken ill again and when the ship docked at Hong Kong I was taken on a stretcher without a moment's delay into hospital, and remained there for about two months, when I recovered my health again. I was then discharged from hospital and put on light duty for six months and then returned to my previous destination in North China.

After I had been there for about three months, orders were issued to the O.C. to make preparations to proceed to the Ceylon within a week. When I heard the news I did not care where we went to, being absolutely melancholy and indifferent to matters generally. I was so bad I did not know what I was doing half of my time. We eventually arrived at Colombo and had been there about three months, when one day the sergeant-major said to me, "Jefferies, you can have your discharge when you like now, peace is proclaimed." "Thank you, sergeant-major, I will go if you will give me permission and get the money." "Alright, Jefferies," he replied, "Be at the orderly room within an hour."

Off I went and drew 500 rupees and as I walked back I thought of Mary. I knew the money that I was going to buy my discharge with she had given me for saving her life, and now she was dead. I soon got back to the orderly room. The O.C. was writing when I arrived. He dropped his pen and said, "Well, Jefferies, are you pleased that you have sufficient money to buy your discharge with?" "Yes, sir, I replied, I have had that amount for the past three years. I handed the money over to him and he counted it and said, "I am awfully sorry to lose such a good soldier as you; You haven't got even one day C.B. against you." "No, sir, and I don't want any, thank you." "Well, why don't you stop in the service? I was thinking of recommending you for promotion." "Sir, I thank you but much prefer to take my discharge." "Alright, you shall go back to Chatham by the next available ship." "Thank

you sir," and within a week I was sailing for Merry England.

The voyage lasted about a month and I was pleased when I arrived home. When I saw my parents they did not know me, I had altered so much. I was just like an old man instead of a boy of nineteen years of age. Work was hard to get at that time, my father having been idle for three weeks; but just as I arrived home a job came his way. I had been home only a couple of days when he told me that he could not afford to keep me without working for my living and I said, "Father, I am unwell and very weak; but if you will insist on me going to work with you I will do so." I went to work but it was too hard for me. However I did my best and was going home from work one night and on my way saw a young lady look and smile at me, and I returned the compliment. The next evening I stopped her and asked her to marry me. Of course I was not an absolute stranger to her. I had known her quite a number of years, but had not been introduced to her. To my surprise she said, "I am very sorry, Ernest, but I am engaged."

"Oh," I said, "I had no idea that you were. I hope you will prosper during your married life and be very happy together." "I am not quite sure that I am going to marry him yet." "But why, you are engaged?" "Oh yes, but you know, Ernest, engagements are easily broken" and she smiled sarcastically. That smile, I shall never forget. It made my blood run cold and I thought "Well, if she would do that to her intended husband, what would she do to others." I said, "Excuse me, I am in a hurry to get home and make preparations to proceed to Canada." "So you are going to Canada, are you?" "Yes, I don't suppose I shall see you any more, good-bye." "Good-bye, Ernest, I hope you will succeed." I left her, thinking to myself, "Some girl that.. I don't want to meet her any more. She's no good to anybody."

The next day I booked my passage for Canada and said absolutely nothing to my father or mother until the evening. "Father, I have booked my passage for Canada, and if all's well, shall sail next week. "So you have booked your passage for Canada, have you? Well, if you think that you can better yourself there than in England, by all means go; but I don't think you possibly can." I replied, "Well, there is nothing in England. The capitalists will

not speculate a shilling in England, and I think they are speculating their money in Canada." "Well, Ernest, if you think you can get on there, go by all means."

My money was only sufficient to carry me to Quebec and when I arrived there the winter had begun; but there was plenty of work for a few weeks. I secured a situation, but I found it difficult. The reason was that the good people of Canada have got a much better and faster system of working than I had been accustomed to, but it was not long before I adapted myself to their methods. I was working for two weeks, but the money I drew I sent home and then fell out of work again. Whilst I was waiting I was obliged to walk the streets with hardly any boots on my feet and without a cent in my pocket. Having nowhere to go and nothing to do, I began to recall those past days, but managed to overcome my feelings. I said, "What is the use, I must think of the future. My duty is to the living."

I went back to my boarding house and said to the landlady, "I am awfully sorry, but I am out of work at present; but if you will allow me to stop until I find work I shall be very much obliged to you. She replied, "Why, certainly stop until you find work." I was surprised when she told me that and hardly knew what to do to show her how I appreciated her kindness. After two weeks things began to get busy again, and very soon builders were advertising for men in most of the newspapers. I secured a position and worked for one builder for about five years. I saved my money but never forgot my first experience in Canada and shall always have a kindly feeling towards my landlady for her kindness towards me when I was a boarder there for sixteen years.

I then went to Toronto, in Ontario, the same year as this great European war broke out and thought, "Well, England will require every man she can get." I knew perfectly well it was going to last a very long time, so I joined the Canadian Engineers. After a few weeks we were sent to Valcartier Camp, Quebec. We were only there a few months when we were sent to England. There were about thirty-eight thousand troops in the first contingent and it was a magnificent sight to see all the transports and the Royal Navy's escort travelling very slowly, with their human cargo across the



Atlantic. Now and again the navy's ships would go ahead scouting for the enemy's submarines, and several times we thought that our escorts were going to engage the enemy. The ships would almost stop at intervals and then a little excitement would begin. I overhead some of the boys say, "Now for some fun," which caused me to smile. If those boys had only known what a naval battle was like, they certainly would not joke, but would be more inclined to be serious. Here is the list of ships carrying the Canadian troops:—

Column "Z":—H. M. S. Eclipse, Megantic, Ruthenia, Arcadia, Alannia, Ivernia, Scandinavian, Sicilian, Montezuma, Lapland, Cassandra, Florizel. H.M.S. Princess Royal.

Column "Y":—H.M.S. Dina, Carribean, Athenia, Royal Edward, Franconia, Carrada, Monmouth, Manitou, Tyrolia, Tunisian, Laurentic, H.M.S. Talbot.

Column "X":—H.M.S. Charybdis, Scotian, Bermudian, Zealand, Corinthian Virginian, Andania, Saxonia, Grampian, Laconia, Montreal, Royal George, H.M.S. Glory.

My Company of Engineers was on board the Arcadian. She was a magnificent vessel, very elaborately finished. This ship was built for first-class passengers only. The Captain was a splendid fellow and every person on that particular ship was treated first class. Every night at supper time the orchestra would play the latest music and every night there were concerts. I am certain everybody enjoyed themselves, and as we approached Plymouth we got a fine reception, practically all the naval boys coming alongside our ship and giving cheers. After the cheering was over the National Anthem was sung. When we landed, en route for Salisbury Plain, we had a public reception, people were almost crazy. They would even go as far as to pull off the men's buttons and after they had done it, they would make an excuse that they wanted to keep them for souvenirs. But the boys did not mind, they only smiled, and by the time we arrived on Salisbury Plain the majority had no buttons at all. A good many fellows were absent and did not return to the camp for weeks later. We had some awful weather, it raining practically every day whilst we were stationed on the Plain. Every morning our first job was to get hard brooms and shovels and clean



our tents out. Our bed would be absolutely saturated with water. We would go to bed with our clothes on, and the men caught some awful colds. It was no use going sick, if you did you only got a No. 9 pill and report for duty. It was worst than being at the front. The officers and men used to beg and pray to be sent to the front; then that awful disease, spinal-meningitis broke out amongst the troops. The hospitals were like a first field dressing-station; quite a number of men died through that awful disease. No one knows what the Canadians went through only those that were there. The troops were getting absolutely fed up with Salisbury Plain, when one day in February the good news was spread throughout the camp that we were to proceed to France on February 9th, 1915.

The troops were so delighted with the news that they would sing songs all night long. The day soon came round and I believe myself, if any person was to have offered any Canadian a fortune to remain behind, they would have refused it. As the train was pulling out of the station, all voices chimed in, "Are we down-hearted?" "No," was thundered back. I said to some of the boys, "That echo died away on Salisbury Plain." Yes, and by gee-whiz, I hope it will remain there." Another said, "I shall never forget Salisbury Plain. I bet the front is nothing like it." Another said, "How do you know, you have never been there?" Then we all laughed. I never saw the troops in better spirits, all the time I was with them, than that day.

On arriving at the dock we embarked on an old transport. She was in such a state of dilapidation, that if we had met a submarine, I am sure the company would not have lost much. The accommodation was vile; believe me, I was not the only one that was pleased when we arrived at some dock in the north of France, en route for the front.

We arrived at Armentiers about three days later and the same night I was detailed off for duty. It rained something terrible that night. When I was on duty I had nowhere to go for shelter. I was wondering whether we had fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire. I was absolutely wet through, but the next morning the sun rose, lovely, and in less than an hour I was dry again, and as my clothes were drying on me, I thought of mother and home, and of her say-

ing, "Now Ernest, be very careful and see that your clothes are well aired; and then I would sigh and think to myself, "If only mother could see me now, I wonder what she would think of the barbarous Huns," and then I would pull myself together and think of others that were doing duty besides myself. Not hundreds but thousands were doing their duty that night.

We were only in Armentieres a few months, but whilst we were there it was terrible. I was taken sick and went down to the base. On my way there, with others, we stopped half way, and proceeded to a hospital on top of a hill. It was, previous to the war, a very elaborate hotel, but the Government had taken it over and converted it into a hospital. It was very late in the evening when we arrived there and the Orderly said, "Come along, boys and get a bath. You can bet that we required one and we took a bath in turn and had something to eat and went to bed. Next morning we went before the Colonel for examination. I was the last to be examined, and as I went in the Colonel looked at me and said, "It's a great pity that the likes of you are not kept at home instead of being in the Army." I looked amazed and in a second or two, I said, "Sir, don't you think that it would have been a great deal worse if the likes of me had not enlisted?" He made no reply, but said, in a very abusive manner, "Go." I looked at him very dignified and turned on my heels and walked out of the room. The fellows that were examined that morning were to proceed by the next available train to a convalescent camp at Rewen. The train did not leave until 4 p.m., and the fellows were sitting around a stove. The Colonel came along and said, "Don't let me catch any of you fellows sitting or laying on the beds. If any of you do, I shall immediately make them a prisoner," and walked away. I looked at the boys and they looked absolutely astonished for a minute or two, when one said to me, "Well, what do you think of that?" I replied, "That is the respect you receive when you are doing your duty for your King and country; but don't take any notice of that crank, he is only one fool of many, if he is a Colonel. He does not know all if he fancies he does." Well, everything went alright, no complaints. We got on the train and arrived at Rewen and proceeded to the convalescent camp. There was no conveyance to take us

there when we arrived at the station, but had to march. Some poor fellows besides myself could not keep up with the others, but managed to get there alright. We arrived in camp rather late and were asked the reason why, we explained. The sergeant-major detailed us off to our respective tents and told us to parade at 8 a.m. in the morning. In the morning we paraded, about 2,000 strong, and it was very cold. The M.O. was not long over the examination. Everyone that went before him was asked, "Can't you smile, what is the matter with you?" "So and so, sir." "Oh, up you go, and the best of luck." No one could help laughing at him. I was about half-way down the line and thought probably it would take all day to examine those on parade; but no, it was all over within two hours. When it came to my turn, "Well, what is the matter with you?" I told him. "Alright, stand at one side." I did so and after he had finished, those of us who were standing on one side had to go to the M.O.'s tent. When we arrived there, he said, "Are you willing to undergo an operation?" I said "Yes." "Alright, hospital."

Going to the sergent-major, I said, "When do we parade for hospital?" "2.30 p.m.," was his reply. Several of us paraded at 2.30 p.m. sharp and were marched across some fields to the hospital and when we arrived there, were detailed off to our respective tents and told to take a bath. We all took a bath under a cold-water tap, and it was terrible. After we had taken our bath, we put on blue uniforms and went to our respective tents. I had only just got inside when the sister came in and said to me, "Why, you look like a German, are you one?" "No," I answered, "but I don't suppose they are treated any worse than we are." She then asked me if we were all sick. We replied that we were. Then she said, "I wonder when the poor wounded fellows are coming, they are such a long time, I am absolutely disgusted with it all. It's all the sick that are coming here." I thought she evidently did not want the sick, only the wounded there and was just going to bed when the M.O. walked in and said, "Who are those fellows that came in to-night?" She read out the names, so we had to be examined again. The M.O. said to me, "Oh, there's nothing the matter with you. What there is you can easily have done when you

go into civil life." I said, "Thank you, sir, I am very much obliged to you and walked away."

The next morning I was sent back to the convalescent home, or rather, camp, and the same afternoon I was sent to my depot at Havre. When I arrived there I was put into camp with the Imperials and I tell you they did not like the Canadians. There used to be quite a lot of light jobs going, but the Canadians did not get any. We used to parade at 6.30 a.m., and work until 6.30 p.m., making camps for the German prisoners, and our food was bully beef and biscuits. We were there for about a week, until the Canadians got a camp of their own. At last we had got one. One evening the Canadians were marching into camp and were told that after we had had our tea we were to parade and march off to our own camp. We gave three cheers before we went into our new home. It was just like being in heaven, one parade a day for the convalescents, and then finish. I had about a week of that life when I got sick of it and went and asked the O.C. to send me up the line. The O.C. said, "Very good, Jefferies, you shall go." Within a couple of days I was on my way and highly delighted. I determined never more to go sick, no, not even if I were dying; but I was wishing the doctor had performed my operation. I was very much in pain when on the march and when I arrived back the troops were making preparations to proceed to Silly. Just before we proceeded there was a general inspection by Lieut.-General E. A. H. Alderson, and after the inspection, he spoke a few words about his old regiment, the Royal West Kents, having gained a reputation for not budging from their trenches, no matter how they were attacked. He was quite sure that the Canadians would do likewise. I shall explain later on, after we left Silly, we went to the rest camp some miles away and remained there for a few weeks and then proceeded to Ypres. When we arrived there, we took up our billet at a place named St. Julien. The Engineers were billeted about one and a half miles from the village. We were there about three weeks working in the day and in the trenches at night.

On the 22nd of April, 1915, I and three more fellows were detailed for fatigues. With the second in command, we took with us the G.S.W., and proceeded to St. Julien. When we got there we



loaded the wagon up with all kinds of materials and while we were loading up the Germans were bombarding St. Julien village. We just managed to get well within a hundred yards of our billet, when suddenly we saw the French retiring very disorderly. They were coming back, one and two, and so on, and so was the shells. We could not get another yard without being absolutely destroyed, so the Major told us to take the wagons alongside of a hedge, for cover and wait until he returned. While we were waiting for the Major to return, we were attending to the wounded and giving them first aid, and whilst we were attending to them they would point to their mouths and say "Mappoo Hullyman," and of course we had to laugh we could not understand what they said; but we got them on to a wagon and away they went, laughing.

After about two hours had passed and no sign of the Major, I said, "Boys it's time the Major was back." So one of the drivers said, "I will go and see where he is. Off he went, only to come back in a few minutes and say, "I can't find him at the billet." "Well," I said, "The next best thing to do is, take the horses and leave the wagons where they are, in case the material is needed," and we decided to do that. It was getting very hot and the Germans were not far off, so we retired a short distance to find out our bearings. On our way there was a poor French woman and her baby. The infant was about nine months old. The poor woman was crying and did not know which way to turn, so I went up to her, took the child out of her arms and made a short cut to safety. It was a pity to see the poor woman in trouble. We came to a farm house so I went in and got some water in a bottle, gave it to her, and told her the way out of fire. She thanked me and smiled and went off. I went back to where the boys were and said, "Well, boys we had better follow the troops up to the front line. Darkness had set in by the time we arrived practically at the front, so I suggested we had better get attached to the infantry, so we asked several O.C.'s, but they said, "No." We decided to go back to the Ypres canal and find the second company. We found them building a pontoon bridge across the canal, so we reported to the C.O. and he said, "Alright, get to work."

The Germans were trying to destroy the main road that ran

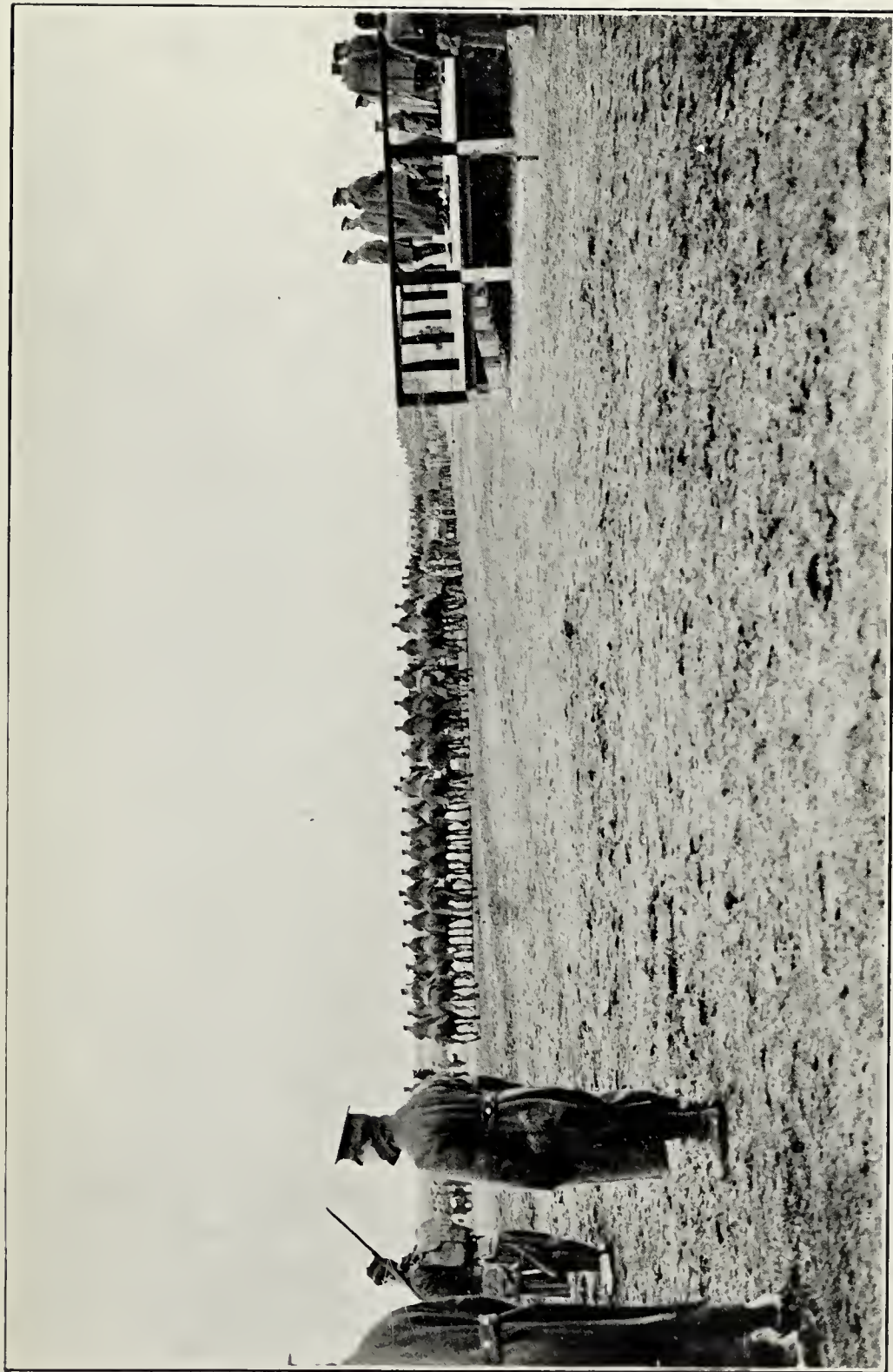


across the Ypres canal, but could not. They were discharging their forty-two centimeters right into the canal, about every ten minutes, and shells from their howitzers were coming from north, south, east and west. We completed the pontoon bridge and with the help of the infantry the other company managed to build the others. There were either five or six built and made ready for use in case we should have to retire, and then the men started to make trenches. When morning came, I said to the O.C., "Sir, can we go to the front line and find our company?" "Yes," was his reply," and then I said, "You might give me a note to certify that we have been attached to your company." He said, "Why, Jefferies?" "Sir, that order is issued to all officers and men of H.M.F." "Alright, Jefferies," and took from his pocket a note-book and wrote a few lines and, having done that, said, "Here you are, Jefferies." I took the note, put it in my pocket, and said, "Come along, boys," and away we went.

We knew where we were going and instead of taking to the road we cut across the battlefield and by luck found our company, No. 3. Approaching the O.C. I told him what had happened and he said, "What happened to Major—?" So I explained to the best of my ability and handed him the note and he read the contents and said, "Alright, Jefferies, take up a position there." About half an hour later I and three more were asked to go back and get some rations. We went and had a very rough time getting back to the canal, where the stores were, but we managed it alright. There was a big pile of sandbags close handy, so we got hold of a few and went inside and filled them up. I went out and a few doors up on my left I saw an old Frenchman standing. He looked at me and said, "Bon jour, Monsieur," I said, "Bon jour, Monsieur. He said, "Le Canada, Le Canada, Bon; Parlez vous Français, Monsieur? I replied, "Petit, Monsieur," "Excusez moi, je vous pris. Donnez moi quelque chocolat?" "Oui, Monsieur," "Merci, Monsieur." "Bon jour, Monsieur." "Bon jour," and off I went back to the boys and gave them some chocolate. They were highly delighted. Now I said, "Away back we go," so we attached the bags to our rifles and started. I had a young Irish lad helping me to carry and he went first. We were about half way to the front line when suddenly a

shell burst over our heads. I called, "Lay down, Murphy." but instead of laying down he dropped the load and said, "Sure that's the devil himself," and away he went as fast as his legs could carry him. I called to him to come back, but he would not until a shell burst in the opposite direction which sent him racing back to us. I said, "Come my lad, if you are to be shot dead you will be; if you are to be wounded, you will be; that's what we are here for." but poor Murphy was very nervous. He shook from head to foot and said, "Sure if I had known it, I would not have come to hell so soon." I laughed until I could not laugh any longer and said, "Never mind, Murphy, we have all got to die in our turn, no one will escape, come along." and we picked up our load and never stopped until we reached our Company. When we arrived, the O.C. said, "Thank you." By that time the battle was raging very high, so we took our places in the trench and the word was passed along the line to fix bayonets and wait for further orders. After we had done that, I began to think of the famous charge the night previous, when the Tenth and Sixteenth played terrible havoc with the Germans in the wood and drove them back, occupying their trench. Then I thought of the words they had shouted, "Are we downhearted,—No." It was enough to make anyone feel proud that they belonged to the Canadian Forces. Then the word was passed along, "The line advance to the next line of trenches." We reached these safely, remained there for about two hours and then the order was passed along the line to unfix bayonets; then, follow in close formation. We went to the left of our flank for about half a mile to complete an unfinished trench, and there we were troubled with snipers. We lost three men.

After the trench was completed, one of the boys, a typical Canadian, went to a farmhouse just at the back of us to get some water. When he got there he found a Frenchman dressed in English uniform. The Canadian could speak French, so he asked him what he was doing there. He said that he had lost his company and come to the farmhouse to stop, until he knew where to go. The Canadian asked him where he had got his uniform from. The Frenchman said he had found it there and put it on. "Alright," the Canadian said, "Come with me," and he brought him over to our trench



INSPECTION OF THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT ON SALISBURY PLAINS, BY THE  
KING AND STAFF AND LORD KITCHENER, FEB. 8TH, 1915.





and took him up to the O.C., and said, "Sir, I found this man in the farmhouse, he is a spy, shall I shoot him?" "No," the O.C. replied and then asked the Frenchman for an explanation. He explained, and then the O.C. asked him to join us. He did, but only for a short while. All of a sudden we missed him; no one saw him go.

That night the thirteenth Canadian took over the trench and we went to the farmhouse for a rest, after a very hard day's work. I guess we were there about two hours, when a dispatch rider came and asked for the O.C. I was standing close to him at the time and said, "Sir, you are wanted." The O.C. went to the fellow and was handed a note. Having read it, he called, "Fall in, boys." We fell in and went on the double for about a quarter of a mile to our right, and had a very warm reception going. There were about six machine guns shooting at us, but they missed us, and we managed, after terrible trouble, to reach the particular spot. We had to make a new trench, the shot and shell flying all around us. Our sergeant-major got nervous and tried to cover himself under the grass. Whilst we were busy digging ourselves in, the O.C. caught sight of him and asked him what he was doing. He made no reply. The O.C. told him to get up and drew his revolver out and told him if he did not he would blow his brains out. "I don't allow my officers to do what you are doing." The sergeant-major got up and helped with the trench.

That night, Nos. 1 and 3 sections were taken back to rest, and Nos. 2 and four had to continue on. We were absolutely exhausted. Night came on and we were digging a communication trench, when General Turner came on the scene and said, "Major Wright, you can leave this trench for the present and let the boys have something to eat; and about 7 p.m., I want you to take them about fifty feet in front of our first line trench, and you will see a road. I want your men to build a barricade across it." The Major answered, "Very good sir." When I heard the General talking, I left off work and said to my chum, an old soldier, "Who is that soldier?" He looked up and told me it was General Turner. He was a fine looking man and although I had heard a lot about him it was the first time I had had the opportunity of seeing him so

close. He had a fine look of determination in his eyes, and when he spoke his voice was modulated. He was indeed to me, a perfect gentleman.

Then we had a rest and something to eat but had not to be particular about eating a piece of mud or anything else of that description. Seven o'clock soon came round, we had roll call and away we went. I wondered how many of us were fated to return. After about fifteen minutes' walk, we came to the spot. This was a farmhouse on fire. We were supposed to build our barricade here, and the Germans, having seen us, were letting off volleys at our men. Many dead were laying all around us, but we took no notice but carried on with our work until it was completed and made a perfect job of it. We were about half-way back when the sun began to rise and brought forth another terrible day. We went to a farmhouse for rest, being absolutely exhausted. Believe me, we did not want rocking off to sleep. About 4 p.m. the following day, The O.C. said, "Fall in, boys." The Germans were playing particular havoc with us and I was expecting every minute that the Major would receive word that the Germans had broken through. We had no tanks, no heavy artillery, but only rifles and bayonets to protect ourselves. I thank God that they did not and we fell in on the double again. I suppose we were about 100 yards on our way when I was shot through the right forearm and fell into a ditch full of water. It came up to my waist and I was taking particular care that none of the stagnant water got into my wound. Getting a firm grip with my left hand just below the wound, I laid in that position about eight hours, when I was picked up by two of the Imperials and taken to the first field dressing station, and there I remained until the next morning. Then along with some other fellows I was put into an ambulance and taken to the second field hospital. This hospital was a convent and was full of wounded. The nuns and small girls were kept quite busy distributing tea and coffee to the wounded. While waiting to get my wound dressed, a man belonging to the R.F.A. came and stood close to me; he had a bandage around his head. According to what he told me, he had been hit with a piece of shell and then he said to the doctor, "I

want to go to my battery there is nothing the matter with me." The doctor replied, "You cannot go, my man, you will have to go into hospital. He begged to go saying he wanted to kill a few thousand Germans and get the Victoria Cross. The doctor laughed at him and, as bad as I was, I could not help laughing also. He looked so determined I really thought he meant what he said, and more so when he began to cry like a child. I suppose the hit he had received must have affected his brain.

After my wound had been dressed I had to wait a little time and was then transferred to Boulogne Hospital. I arrived there at night and was on my way to England next morning. Upon arriving in England I was sent to Reading Hospital. I was there two months and was then sent to Wokingham Convalescent Hospital. Whilst there I lost my appetite and was suffering terrible with my arm and the nurse told the doctor, so he examined me and came to the conclusion I was suffering from neuritis. A specialist was sent for and he examined me and came to the same conclusion. I was put into an automobile and taken to Reading Hospital for the second time and remained there for two weeks and was then transferred to the fourth London General Hospital. There I remained about seven months, suffering severely. I could not get any relief and at last got absolutely tired of living and begged the doctors and nurses to give me a dose of poison. Of course they did not and finally I was sent to Bromley Canadian Convalescent Hospital. There I remained for three weeks. I was waiting to be sent to Canada, and growing worse every day, but did my best to fight against my feelings.

After two months I was sent to Canada with one thousand other men, and when I arrived in Montreal was mad with pain. A specialist was sent for and I begged of him to have my arm taken off. He said, "No, we shall not take your arm off, but will send you to hospital." I went, only to come out again suffering continual pain. Then I was sent to Belmont Park Convalescent Hospital and while there received this letter. It read:—

“Words spoken to the 1st Canadian Division  
(Brigade by Brigade and to Engineers and Artillery)

After the twelve strenuous days and nights of fighting, embraced  
by the period—22nd April to the 4th May, 1915

By Lieutenant-General E. A. H. Alderson  
Commanding 1st Canadian Division.

“All units and all ranks of the 1st Canadian Division. I tell you truly that my heart is so full I hardly know how to speak to you. It is full of two feelings, the first being sorrow for the loss of those comrades of ours who have gone, and the second, pride in what the 1st Canadian Division has done. As regards our comrades who have lost their lives, and we will speak of them with our caps off (here he took off his cap and all did likewise), my faith in the Almighty is such that I am perfectly sure that, when men die, as they have died, doing their duty and fighting for their country, for the Empire, and to save the situation for others, in fact, to die for their friends—no matter what their past lives have been, no matter what they have done that they ought not to have done (all of us do), I repeat, I am perfectly sure that the Almighty takes them and looks after them at once. Lads, we cannot leave them better than like that. (Here he put on his cap and all did the same.)

“Now I feel that we may, without any false pride, think a little of what the Division has done during the past few days.

“I would first of all tell you that I have never been so proud of anything in my life, as I am of this armlet with “I Canada” on it (pointing to it) that I wear on my right arm. I thank you and congratulate you from the bottom of my heart, for the part each one of you has taken in giving me this feeling of pride.

“I think it is possible that you do not, all of you, quite realize that if we had retired on the evening of the 22nd April, when our Allies fell back before the gas and left our flank quite open—the whole of the 27th and 28th Division would probably have been cut off; certainly they could not have got away a gun or a vehicle of any sort, and probably not more than half the infantry. This is what our Commander-in-Chief meant when he telegraphed, as he did, that ‘the Canadians saved the situation.’ My lads, if ever men had a right to be proud in this world, you have.



"I know my military history pretty well and I cannot think of an instance especially when the clearness and determination of the enemy is taken into account, in which troops were placed in such a difficult position, nor can I think of an instance in which so much depended on the standing fast of one division.

"You will remember the last time I spoke to you, just before you went into the trenches at Silly, now over two months ago. I told you about my old regiment, the R.W. Kents, having gained a reputation for not budging from their trenches, no matter how they were attacked. I said then that I was quite sure that in a short time the Army out here would be saying the same of you. I little thought—we none of us thought—how soon those words would come true. But now, to-day, not only the army out here, but all Canada, all England, and all the Empire, are saying it of you.

"The share each unit has taken in earning this reputation is no small one.

"I have three pages of congratulatory telegrams from His Majesty the King downwards, which I will read to you, with also a very nice letter from our Army Commander, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

"Now I hope if any Divisional Commander, of any Division, ever had so many congratulatory telegrams and messages as these, and remember, they are not merely polite and sentimental ones, they express just what the senders really feel.

"There is one more word I would say to you before I stop. You have made a reputation second to none gained in this war; but, remember, no man can live on his reputation, he must keep on adding to it. That you will do so I feel just as sure as I did two months ago, when I told you that I knew you would make a reputation when the opportunity came.

"I am now going to shake hands with your officers and as I do so, I want you to feel that I am shaking hands with each one of you, as I would actually do if time permitted—no, we will not have any cheering now—we will keep that till you have added to your reputation, as I know you will."

After I had had read this letter myself, I showed it to a Cockney and he said, "Lord love us, Ern., I wonder what those blokes think of it, that's out there kicking up the daisies?" I laughed at him.

I was convalescent for seven months and feeling a little better I asked the doctor if he thought me fit to travel to England. He said I was, so I returned with the idea of taking my friends back with me. When I got on the ship I felt very bad and went to my cabin, and there I stopped until the ship docked at Liverpool. I managed to arrive home alright and went to bed and did not get up for six weeks later, meanwhile suffering continually. At last I decided to go and attend hospital in London, so went to Lady Paget and attended there for two months, but was just as bad as ever. The doctor gave me a note and told me to report to the Pension and Claims Board. The next day I went and reported myself. The medical officer took full particulars of my case and in a few days I was sent to the Canadian Special Hospital for treatment. I was there another two months and could not eat anything at all, milk being my diet. I was discharged from there still suffering, three months ago. I am still in great pain and sometimes think I shall never get over my troubles. When the pain is very severe I feel like doing what my sweetheart did—commit suicide.

However, I took a sudden change for the better and improved, so a few days later I decided to return to Canada. I wrote to the passport officer, asking him to grant me a passport. I had a great deal of trouble before receiving my passport to proceed to my destination. I did not mind that and rather pleased to know the British Government was very particular in that respect.

After receiving my pass, I booked my passage and, to my surprise, the good ship was due to sail the next day. Being anxious to return I was determined to be a passenger on said ship and next morning I was up bright and early. All I required was a cup of tea, so kissing my wife and children, I said good-bye and departed. I arrived in London in good time to board the boat train, due to leave at 11.30 a.m. Getting my train ticket I went outside the station, had some breakfast, then took my last glance of dear old London and said good-bye for the last time. I was just in time to get a

comfortable seat. My fellow-passengers were Australians and I enjoyed their society very much. When the train arrived at Liverpool I got off, and we lined up in single file. The third officer called out, "All tickets and passports ready, please. I was the second person to be inspected, and after the officer had finished with me I proceeded to my cabin, made myself comfortable and went to sleep for a few hours. I was awakened by a knock on the door, and in answer to my inquiry as to what was the matter was informed that supper was ready. I proceeded to the dining room and took a seat close to a port-hole on the port side so that I could get plenty of fresh air, if required, without disturbing my fellow passengers. I tried to eat but could not, my nerves being absolutely exhausted. Excusing myself from the table I went to my cabin for the evening

The next morning I was on deck very early. I needed fresh air very badly and when on deck noticed, to my surprise, that the ship was still in dock, awaiting orders to leave. I saw the ship's officer, and approached him, asking when the ship would leave. "I don't know," he replied. I pleaded ignorance and said "I am very sorry I ought to know better than to ask you such a question, knowing quite well that all ships leaving any port sail under sealed orders. The officer laughed and said, "You know, we have to be very careful in these days." Eventually the ship sailed for Montreal. I made a few friends on the journey, and jolly friends they were.

We enjoyed ourselves on the trip and had a good voyage until three days before arriving at our destination. I was very unfortunate. The doctor's dispensary was situated on the right half of the vessel and I often went there to get some medicine for my nerves. One afternoon I was there talking to the doctor when all of a sudden the big six gun went off and the door locked automatically. I said, "Come doctor, open the door, we are torpedoed." I knew no more. I was suffering from shell shock for three days and suffered terrible pain. I don't know what I should have done if it had not been for a medical officer on board belonging to the V.S.A. He knew quite well what to do for me, and gave me bromide and the effects soon sent me to sleep, but not for long. I could not rest and would get up and walk the deck. I was very pleased when the ship arrived at her destination.

We arrived safely but the effect of the shell shock played on my mind; so I got a relapse and was obliged to resort to the military authorities for admission to hospital. I was in a terrible state. The authorities sent me to McTavish Convalescent Home. I have been a patient for four weeks and am improving, but very slow. My recovery is due to the kind attention of the medical staff—Dr. Mussen, Sister Mussen, etc. They are very kind to me and all of the patients, and always attending to business; I feel sure one and all appreciates their kindness. It does not matter what a patient requires, the doctor and sisters are always ready and willing to do what lies in their power; even then, some people are dissatisfied. It seems to me absolutely impossible to satisfy every individual and as regards the McTavish Convalescent Home, I think it is an absolutely perfect Home for nerve cases. Everything is kept perfectly clean, the food first class, and accommodation and medical treatment could not be improved upon. Other convalescent homes and hospitals in Montreal are working on similar lines and the Canadian Medical Service, Red Cross and Hospital Commission have made wonderful improvements these last two years. Everything is done in a systematic way for the benefit of the wounded and discharged men. They are taught any trade or profession they feel disposed to learn. There are quite a lot of boys have new talent which they never possessed previously. I will endeavor to write a sketch, in two parts, that one of the boys composed. I think it is full of humor and think you will agree with me when you read it. He is a very intelligent fellow and is always cracking jokes first thing in the morning and last thing at night. He would make a person laugh even if they were in a temper or suffering pain and I know the boys will be very sorry when he is discharged. The two acts read:

#### ACT I.

Scene:—Village, outside of English Inn.

Group of villagers

First Villager: "I hear there will be terrible doings down in your village." Points with stem of churchwarden towards right. "Why the other night a burg-u-lar did break into village post office and



just as he was stealing three stamps, was caught in the act by Giles, ter village cop, and folks does say there was a desperite struggle, while the deep-throated bark of a tripe-hound was heard in the back yard.

Second Villager: "Aye, lad, and some do say as how we are behind times, but I be up early yesterday morn, and I see with my own eyes.

First Villager: "That's nothing. Tother night on my way from the Bull and Bush, I see ter devil.."

Enter Village Postman.

Postman: "Boys a terrible disaster has occurred."

Chorus: "What is it? Speak, man for the love of Mike."

Postman: "Why, have you not heard the news?"

Chorus: "No."

Postman: "Why the old Squire has been foully murdered."

Second Villager: "Wherefore this thusness."

Postman: "His throat was cut from ear to ear."

Chorus: "Hear, Hear."

First Villager: "You don't mean old squire leather-face, do you?"

Postman: "Aye, it be him, the one who stole the cat's milk."

Chorus: "Curses, curses.

Second Villager: "And then some."

First Villager: "Ten thousand pounds, of fleas, would I give to bring the assassin to justice."

Second Villager:—"I would think, lad, that you are able to afford them."

Postman: "Then Chublock Bones, the detective, shall be employed."

Chorus: "He will, he shall."

First Villager: "It be an awful war."

Second Villager: "Never mind, stick to yer blooming trenches and bully beef."

Enter Jack.

Jolly Jack: "One moment, boys; do not employ Chublock Bones, for I will bring the assassin to justice. I know the cur and he is a wrecker of men's lives, he is a tripe stealer. Why, there was a time when a poor woman asked this cur if he had a heart. Do you know, boys, what the cur told her?"

Chorus: "No. What did he tell her?"

Jolly Jack: "He told her he had none, what-so-may-ever."

Chorus: "Shame, shame."

Jolly Jack: "So the poor woman had perforce (per police force), to take a pound of liver and kidney. You boys can imagine what torture this poor woman endured when I tell you that this liver was wrapped up in a murder story. And last, by no means least, it was the same kind of liver that they serve for breakfast in the McTavish Home."

Chorus: "Curse the dog, Lord pity her."

Jolly Jack: "Once more, boys, I repeat that I will bring the assassin to justice on the saloon bar."

First Villager: "But who be you, Guvnor?"

Jolly Jack: "Who am I? Why I am not Buffalo Bill from Bout-de-Lillie, the man who never works nor never will; nor am I Jack Wildcat, who shoots from the hip; nor am I George King; but if you want to know me, then I am Jolly Jack, the sailor."

Loud Cheers while the piano strikes up Sailor's Hornpipe.

Curtain drops upon Jolly Jack and company dancing Sailors' Hornpipe.

End of Act I.

---

## ACT II.

Scene:—Deck of the good ship "Ding-Cat in the Soup."

Enter Villain and Assistant.

Villain: "Ah, ah. Now that the weather is fine we will have a damn fine old time (grab assistant's wrist). Do you know what we are here for, you idiot?"

Idiot: "Ho, Boss, but I am with you till the end. That's if yer will pay me enough."

Villain: "Ah, ah. Once aboard the lugger, Jack, and all's well. You take the bag of gold, and I the lovely gal. You will strike Jolly Jack over the bean with a German sausage if there be any trouble over it. Look out, you know my method of dealing with those who fail me."

Idiot: "Yes, Boss."

Villain: "And with Jolly Jack the sailor out of the way, I can live in a wooden hut on the Cannibal Island for the rest of my blooming natural; and if the girl refuses to marry me I will confine her to the deepest dungeon of the castle and feed her on the jaw-bone of an ass."

Idiot: "Guvnor, spare me this job of hitting Jolly Jack over the bean, because I fear him."

Villain: "Fear nothing. Here, take and eat this garlic onion, and when you see Jack approaching, let him smell your breath before he can get his respirator on. Now begone, you idiot, and bring me a flame of rum. Ha, ha. Once Jolly Jack is out of the way I'll sink the blamed ship. Then not even Chublock Bones will find any trace of the murderer."

Enter Bluenose

Bluenose: "At last. At last. I have found you, curse you."

Villain: "By heaven's it is bluenose."

Bluenose: "Yes, it is I. For forty years I have sought for you and at last I have found you. Curse you. Forty years ago, you stole my wife and child. My wife kicked the bucket but the child you tucked under your left evelid. But it is my turn to-day. For forty years I have not changed my shirt; I would not have changed my socks only they stuck to the ceiling."

Villain: "Ha. What care I for your wife; why her face would have turned a switch."

Bluenose: "Curse you, I shall have my re-venge." (Draws knife, rushes at villain and struggle follows. Villain grabs his wrist.)

Bluenose: "Ah"—let go of my wrist, you are choking me. Don't bite my wrist. Ah—let go."

Villain stabs Bluenose and Bluenose staggers.

Bluenose: "Ah, I am stabbed to death with a carrot. I die, I die. I diddle, I die." (Falls to the deck with a crash.)

Villain: "Ha, I have killed him. Now for the dirty work on the cross-roads. I see that the bridge is broken but I'll swim the bally brick-field; I will swim a hundred square miles. and conspire with a German sub-commander to blow up the bally tub. (Plunges overboard—loud crash.)

Enter Jolly Jack

Ha, ha. Do I love you, fair Juliet. Why when the darkness rolls between us and I can see your fair face no longer, it is then that I love you more than ever."

Enter crew, panic-stricken.

Crew: "We are sinking, we are sinking. Who will save us? Help, help."

First Mate: "All hands to the pumps."

Jolly Jack: "One moment, my brave and gallant men, all is not yet lost. I will save you." (Crew cheers.)

First Mate: "How will you save us?"

Jolly Jack: "Why the Huns have made a hole in the boat to let the water in."

Crew: "Yes."

Jolly Jack: "Well, I have made another hole in the boat to let the water out again."

(Loud cheers, Sailor's hornpipe, dead men rise to join in the dances. Final.)

#### "THE KING."

This sketch was an absolute success. The boys invited their fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers and of course, their lady friends. The usual occurrence is when mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers comes to visit their soldier boys, either in hospital or convalescent home, "How are you son, or sweetheart I hope you



are much better." "Yes, mother," son would reply, just to pacify her. "Now son, tell me a little more about the war." "No, mother," the son would reply. "I have seen enough of it without repeating it over and over again," and then, of course, they all get the blues and are very miserable before the concert begins. But before the concert comes to a close they are cracking their sides with laughter and absolutely delighted to forget the war for a little while at all events.

The conclusion has been forced upon me that everybody will be very thankful when peace is proclaimed and all the boys come home again; but all of us must seek sufficient courage a little longer, as I am quite sure victory will come to the Allies very soon.

Our enemies are only trying to dishearten us. I mean the civil population. The German spy system is distributed all over the world with the idea of poisoning the minds of the people against fighting for victory.

On the evening of the 20th, 1917, all returned soldiers were invited to the Windsor Hotel for Christmas dinner. It was absolutely lovely. Many gay scenes have been enacted at the Windsor Hotel, but the Christmas dinner given to about one thousand men that evening, in the Rose Dining Room, was more than gay.

It was really an Imperial reunion. Amongst the returned men who enjoyed the good cheer and entertainment in the dining room, with overflows into the concourse and foyer, were soldiers of the Canadian, Imperial and Anzac forces. While every branch of the service was represented, including a number of men whose shoulder straps denoted that they had fought with the first contingent. Almost all were in khaki, although some of the discharged men were in mufti, but every man in the party wore on his breast the service button which means so much to the soldier.

Many of the men in addition, wore medals and stripes, indicating honors won in this as well as in previous wars. It was a wonderfully animated scene, viewed from the dias at the end of the room: The long rows of tables were gaily decorated in national colors and lined with soldiers, many of whom still bore the battle scars, but behaved remarkably well; while others had melancholy reminders in crutches piled by their chairs. Some were only re-

cently out of the hospital, while just before the feast began a soldier whose sight had been destroyed, was led in by two comrades and sat next to me. They were awfully jolly and I felt awfully sorry for him, when all of a sudden I had a severe pain in my head and arm—it was my old complaint, neuritis; but I stuck to it, and sympathized with others. I tried to be happy at this, the soldiers' Christmas feast, and the dining room rang with their laughter and talk, as they fought their battles over again.

The N.C.O. of the Military Hospital Commission Staff, had a separate mess of their own near the steps and, relieved from duty, enjoyed themselves like schoolboys. I have come to the conclusion that all men returning from the front are, more or less, suffering mentally, and at times they want to give vent to their feelings. I do not blame them, I feel like it myself; but I certainly do suffer after. I do not refer to drink, but excitement. There were two old soldiers sitting next to me and I happened to overhear their conversation. I certainly had a good laugh when I heard the joke. One said to the other, "Pat, do you remember when we were looking for Fritz?" Pat replied, "Yes, bedad, I remember well. Sure, didn't I get on your back to look over the fence and you said to me, 'Can you see him, Pat?' and I turned and said to you, 'Bedad he must be in —— because I don't see him; and didn't I fire to find out if he would show his face,' and he did show his face to Jack."

"Yes," Jack replied, "but the son of a gun was a dummy one," and then there was a good laugh. I forgot about my pains for a minute. The services of the committee and those who waited on at table left nothing to be desired.

During the dinner, Major G. S. Hall read a telegram from Col. J. J. Sharples, O.C. M.H.C.C., Ottawa, conveying his best wishes both for the dinner party and the Christmas holidays, and the men cheered the message. Even heartier applause greeted the appearance of two officers in the horizon-blue French uniform, who were accompanied by Abbe Dupuis. The visitors were members of a special mission here and were Captain Dubhoit, who wears the Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre and Croix Militaire, and Lieut. Charles Flery, Legion of Honor and Croix de Guerre. I overhead

them remark, "This is wonderful." "Absolutely," replied the other."

Capt. Dutholt addressed the gathering in French, which many understood well. The following is a translation:—

"I greet you as brothers in arms. In the name of France and the French army, I offer a most cordial salute to this great assembly and pay our homage to the courage of its men. They have fought at the front with Allies, these brave sons of Canada, and our dead will never forget their comrades of Canada. Her soldiers' names are written at Ypres, Vimy Ridge, Passchendale, and it is Canada who saved us.

"You brave Canadians, my dear comrades, carry before the whole world the marks of honorable combat. You have offered your lives and shed your blood and now you are the most honored men of this country, for whom you risked everything.

"As for your noble women, who watched by your bedsides and who are now caring for you here, I bow to them in the name of France. I thank you all for this touching spectacle, which I shall never forget."

Enthusiastic cheers greeted Captain Duthort's speech, and the orchestra in the Ladies' Gallery started the Marseillaise, after which Lieut. Fleury made a brief speech, thanking the soldiers for the great things they had achieved for France.

This was followed by an excellent programme of songs and other music. The University Quartette, made up of four artistes from Loew's Theatre, gave several selections and were encored every time. Moving from place to place in the dining room so that all might have a chance to hear them, the men frequently took up the refrains. "Jimmy" Rice, as usual, made a great hit with the boys, who knew many of his songs. "Take me back to Blighty" thundered through the room in chorus, and it meant a good deal to most of the men. Another song which made a hit was, "Fill the Flute," in which Mr. Rice introduced a catching whistling melody that was quickly caught up.

The men crowded around the steps, anywhere, to get near the performers, and whistles and cheers mingled with more staid ap-

plause. The recitations also made a hit, especially "The Baseball Match." Sergt. Dumbrille sang Harry Lauder's new song, "The Boys who fought and won," and the men took up the refrain as men who had a right to sing about themselves. Mlle. B. Archambault and Mr. J. E. Simard gave a charming duet, "Le Duc de Ane," Mlle. Archambault giving a pretty French chanson as an encore.

Later in the evening, Miss Janet Johnson gave "We're All Under the Same Old Flag," and often the men broke into the refrain of "Gitzie" Rice's familiar song, "We want to go home." Before they left they crowded round the piano and carried on a sing-song, with Rice providing the musical accompaniment.

The great success of this magnificent Xmas dinner party was due to Major and Mrs. G. S. Hall, the ladies on the committee, who had worked energetically in order to get everything in shape to be sure that the Christmas entertainment for the returned soldiers should be the very best possible. Warm thanks were also accorded Manager Davidson and the staff of the Windsor Hotel for the generous manner in which they helped towards the success of the event.

THE END





AMERICAN TROOPS' HISTORIC MARCH THROUGH LONDON.  
(Crossing Westminster Bridge)









# POEMS

BY

ERNEST BUTLAND

Author of

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"



A CHILD'S LOVE.

Oh Daddy, Oh Daddy, I do love you  
 Since you have gone away;  
 Won't you come home, dear Daddy,  
 To mother and I to stay?  
 We pray for you each night,  
 We long for you each day;  
 Oh Daddy, dear Daddy,  
 Do come back to mother and I again.

Oh Daddy, dear Daddy, do come home if ashore,  
 I would be happy, if you came home once more.  
 I am sorry for mum, she seems so sad,  
 I hope you will send us a letter and make us glad.  
 We pray each night for your return again;  
 Mum does love you because she told me to-day.  
 She said she hopes you will not stray,  
 But come home to mother and I and stay.

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Oh, dearest; dearest, I do love you;  
No matter where I roam;  
I think of you by day,  
I dream of you each night;  
It must be that wonderful love  
Experienced at first sight.

Oh, dearest; dearest, can you realize  
How happy I would be,  
To have you to call my own, sweet one,  
And nurse you on my knee;  
I would be quite happy, gay and free  
In this world along with thee.

O, dearest; dearest, my heart and soul belongs to thee.  
I cannot control my feelings;  
I must ask you to marry me;  
So, to-night when we meet, by the old apple tree,  
And the moon shines bright, your face I shall see;  
I shall whisper the words of marriage to thee.



THE NEW YEAR, 1918.

When the bells chime the New Year,  
Let us pray to God and be of good cheer;  
For we know not when we might be called  
Before our Maker, to answer for all.

Whether we be rich or poor,  
We all leave this world for evermore;  
Either to live in misery  
Or rest in peace in Heaven, with our noble King.

Come, it is mid-night and the bells are ringing;  
Let us pray to God for a new beginning.  
For three long years of barbarous deeds  
Have covered this world with mortal sin.

God, our Heavenly King, watch over us;  
And help us, while in misery,  
And heal our wounds; if it be.  
God, our King of all Kings.

## SHE'S A NURSE, A WONDERFUL NURSE.

She's a doctor, a nurse, a wonderful nurse,  
She has full grip over; be both  
Full of affection and care;  
Sympathy for those who bear  
Pain, with a wonderful air.  
She's a doctor, a nurse, in God's care.

Each morn at 9 a.m. she makes  
Her rounds for each individual's sake;  
She's charming in her outward make;  
And she pacifies the men who will take  
A little advice for their own sake;  
She's a doctor, a nurse, a wonderful nurse.

My travels have been very wide,  
But not a doctor or nurse could I find,  
That could treat nerves and pacify  
A poor wounded Tommy's mind  
When in pain he would be high.  
She's a doctor, a nurse, a wonderful nurse.

She's a doctor, a nurse, a wonderful nurse.  
Her heart is good, her mind is strong;  
What a wonderful human being she must be.  
She has control over thee  
And brings back health to a dying being;  
She's a doctor, a nurse, a wonderful nurse.

## WHILE SUFFERING PAIN.

My life seems but short to me  
When I suffer pain and am in misery;  
No one wants me, no one cares  
What happens, when they've no pain to bear.

When in battle I was cheerful.  
My sorrows were few;  
Whilst travelling this world  
And working for food.

What is the use of wealth  
When you haven't your health?  
And it is worse  
When you have neither health nor wealth.

I try to forget, but all in vain;  
My pains do repeat, again and again.  
You are a sinner;  
Come repent and your health shall gain.

I try to repent, again and again,  
To seek the Lord, it's the only way  
To health, wealth and happiness,  
And a seat in Heaven, some future day,

## WHY DO WE DOUBT?

What can I see in life, nothing but misery.  
We doubt each other and never give in,  
Thinking each knows the world best;  
We doubt each other, until we go to rest.

Why do we doubt each other's mind?  
Because we go absolutely with the times;  
Why, certainly, it's the way of the world;  
Think a moment; are we not born in a whirl.

I doubt, you doubt, we doubt the same.  
Without doubts we should all go the wrong way;  
When in doubt, think again and again,  
And God will help you to remove that mortal stain.

Yes, I shall doubt, we all shall doubt;  
When the Supreme Being returns again  
On earth, in human form. He shall remain  
And history will repeat itself some future date.

## SONS OF AUSTRALIA

From the cabin, from the cottage,  
From the house upon the hill,  
From the school house, from the College,  
From the farmyard, from the mill;  
Have we come to join the colors,  
And to fight for King and home,  
For we love our country dearly,  
So from Australia, we come.

(Chorus.)

We are sons of Australia,  
We are bravely marching on;  
We are sons of Australia,  
We have come to right the wrong;  
Marching on, marching on,  
On to victory we go.  
We are sons of Australia,  
We'll conquer every foe.

We have heard the voice of duty,  
So we buckled on our sword;  
To right the wrong appalling.  
We have pledged our country's word.  
We have offered to the Empire,  
Every drop of blood we own;  
And the foe shall reap the harvest  
Of the seed that he has sown.

We have left our wives and children,  
We have left our books and sports,  
For the country that has borne us,  
For the land that holds our thoughts;



We've obeyed the call of duty,  
And each one has answered clear,  
We will fight while life is in us,  
For the land we hold so dear.

You will find us in the trenches,  
Where our gallant comrades lie,  
Where our blood-stained banner beckons,  
We will follow or we'll die.

FIGHT, BOYS, FIGHT.

Boys in khaki, boys in blue,  
Girls now in munitions, too.  
Remember boys and girls,  
The enemy can't beat you;  
He is whacked, and can't come back;  
So sing this chorus, will you?

(Chorus)

Fight, boys, fight, and be contented.  
Let your troubles fly from you;  
We are all human, boys;  
We'll fight for the Allies' cause;  
And honor the red, white, and blue.

British and Colonials, fighting side by side,  
They always show true colors.  
When "Fritz" is in sight.  
So just a wee bit longer, boys,  
And victory will be yours.  
So when in trouble, sing this chorus, will you?

## THE BOYS FROM OVERSEAS.

What is the matter with the boys of our Dominions?  
They are happy boys with political opinion.  
They talk very free of their homes overseas;  
And in England, about the weather.  
They walk hand-in-hand, round the Strand,  
Like birds of a feather, they flock together  
In all kinds of weather.  
That's the style of the boys from overseas.

They leave for the front, with the very best of luck;  
They return with a wound or a score,  
And they are convalescent for a month or more,  
Only to enjoy what they have done before.  
They laugh, and smoke, and enjoy their smokes.  
Although they suffer, they enjoy  
One little drink and probably more.  
That's the style of our boys, from the European War.

There are lots of ignorant people in this world,  
Some more refined than others;  
But my motto is, to criticise myself,  
I find I cannot criticise others;  
I think if others thought the same  
They would not have time to disobey.  
Liberty, civility, is the password in society  
That completes our refinement  
In our country, so take a tip  
From a man from the overseas.

LET GOD BE YOUR GUIDING STAR

Let God be your guiding star  
In peace and in war;  
He loves all of us,  
Whether we be rich or poor.  
So let God be your guiding star,  
To-day and evermore.

Let God be your guiding star,  
He will carry and comfort you  
In to a beautiful place in Heaven;  
Where your troubles are few;  
So let God be your guiding star,  
And he will comfort you.

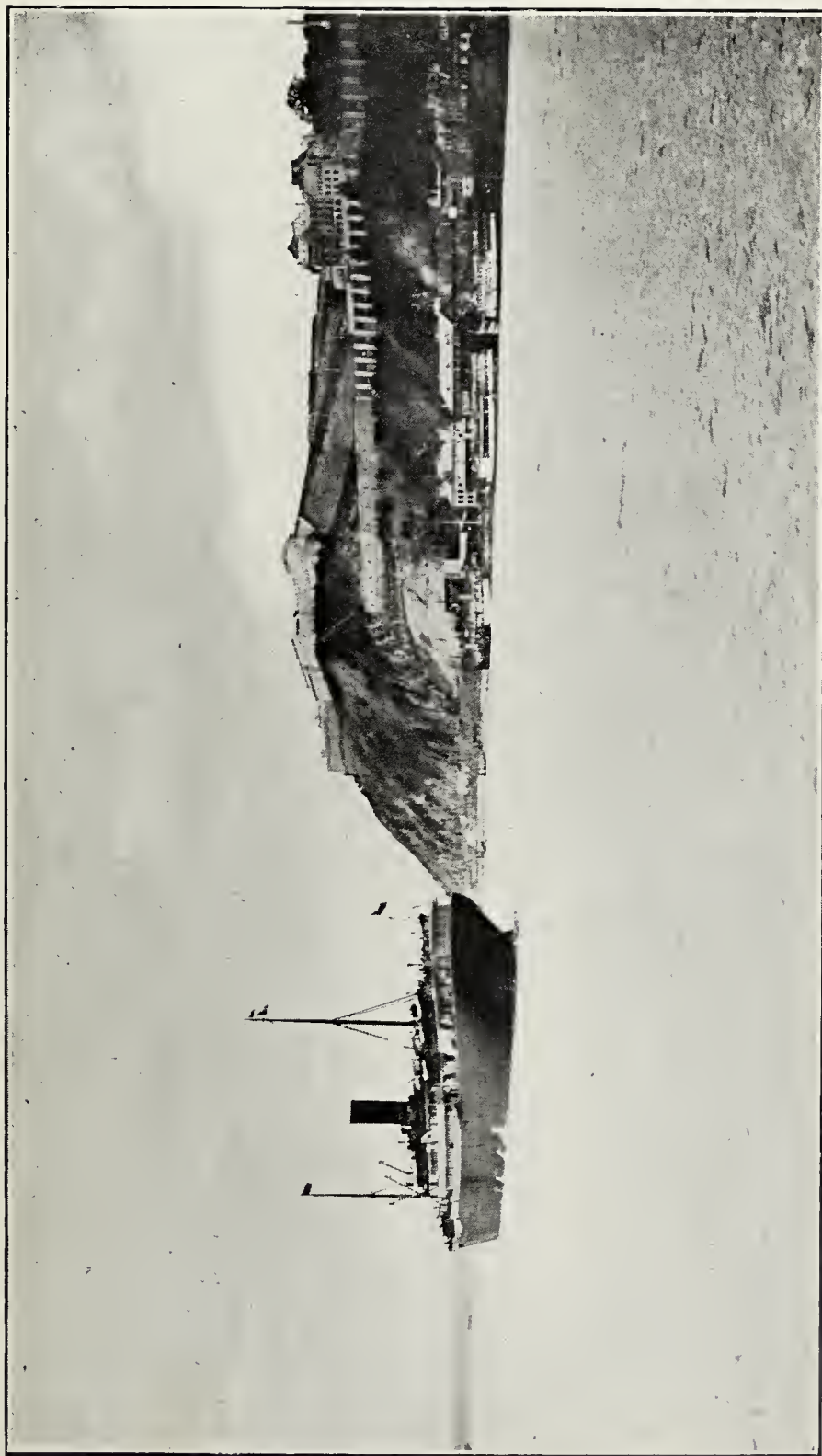
## O, CANADA.

O, take me back to Canada,  
The home of the land and free,  
Where the people gives you liberty,  
And treat you with civility,  
And it is most artistic to me;  
That's the reason why Canada for me.

Yes, take me back to my dear home,  
Far away across the blue sea,  
Where my dear ones are waiting for me,  
In the land of liberty, you see;  
Yes, far across the deep, blue sea,  
In that dear, dear country so free,  
Yes, yes, Canada, Canada for me.

Yes, take me back to the land,  
The land of the maple leaf;  
Where the birds sing their sweet melodies,  
And there is room for millions besides me  
In that beautiful land beyond the sea.  
Yes, Canada, Canada for me.





S.S. ARCADIAN LEAVING QUEBEC ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE AS A TROOP SHIP



PEACE, PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

I dreamt a dream, a beautiful dream,  
A dream of a perfect day;  
The bells were ringing merrily,  
And the angels were singing magnificently:  
"There will be peace once again,  
Peace, peace, perfect peace to-day."

It was a dream, a perfect dream,  
A dream I never shall forget.  
As I wonder over the unknown  
I can hear those bells ringing,  
And the beautiful angels singing:  
"There will be peace, yes, perfect peace to-day."

## A WIFE'S LOVE.

When I was young, I had no fun;  
My father died when I was young.  
My mother worked in the Strand;  
She used to play the piano very grand,  
And sing the new and old-time melodies.  
This was the chorus she used to sing:  
And her magnificent voice,  
Sounded beautiful and sweet to me.

## (Chorus)

I loved you my hubby, I loved you.  
Although you have passed away;  
I always think of those happy days  
When I met you on the stage.  
Life seems very lonely without you, dear;  
I hope some day to be with you again.  
My love for you lives, just the same.  
Good-by, my loved one, until we meet again.

I loved my mother, my dear mother,  
She was all the world to me.  
I certainly would die happy, gay and free,  
If God would take me along with thee.  
I shall play her that sweet melody,  
Just the same as she would sing to me.  
My dear mother, I shall sing and play to thee,  
That old-time melody.

## A BELGIAN REFUGEE.

Life seems but a dream to me  
When death's shadows are falling;  
Now I have lost my family,  
God spare me in my misery.  
For all the world belongs to Thee.  
I shall atone for all my sins.  
My life, my life is but a dream.

Now I am driven far from home,  
And I am left here all alone.  
I have no friends to call my own.  
My God, my King of all Kings,  
Watch over me, watch over me;  
Every night I pray and dream of Thee.  
Oh God, my God, my heavenly King,  
Take me with Thee, take me with Thee.

I can hear a voice calling for me,  
Now I am on my bended knees;  
The voice seems to say to me,  
With its sweet, sweet melody:  
Come, come, come to me,  
In Heaven you shall be free.  
My refuge, my refuge;  
In heaven, I shall comfort thee.



THE CHARGE OF THE CANADIAN  
LIGHT BRIGADE

It was at the battle of Ypres,  
Where the French made their retreat;  
Not through the lack of courage, or dismay:  
The Huns' obnoxious gas  
Did dispense them, right and left,  
Into the jaws of death.  
The Frenchmen laid at rest;  
They certainly did their best,  
Those heroes, were the French.

The night was drawing near,  
When the Canadians did appear;  
Huns knew the gallant boys were near.  
Words were whispered down the line,  
"Remember, boys, your chance is nigh."  
Those words, the boys remembered dear,  
And when that gallant charge was made,  
Hundreds, nay thousands of voices did say,  
"Are we downhearted? No."

The word of command was given.  
With a brave and noble cheer,  
Charge that wood over yonder,  
Until those Huns are clear.  
There was vile gas all around them;  
Thousands of Huns; and guns in front of them  
Volleyed and thundered.  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
And the brave Canadians fell,  
With a noble and determined will.

The Canadians were out-numbered,  
Nay—twelve to one.  
But they fought like brave heroes  
Until those Huns were on the run;  
They drove them back over a mile,  
Occupied their trenches with a smile:  
The enemy's guns were silent,  
Through the Canadians' triumph  
And their determined will.

That night the boys went forth,  
Together, the wounded and dead,  
They came across a farmhouse  
Where their comrades were tortured to death.  
There they hung, like true Canadians,  
Gone, but not forgotten, like the rest.  
Bayonets thrust through their heads,  
Yes, crucified, crucified and dead,  
With that look of determined will.

When can that glory fade?  
Oh, that wild charge they made.  
Yes, they saved the situation  
Of Great Britain and Dominions.  
True sons of Canada will follow  
And help to multiply that fame,  
On the field of battle.  
Where those brave heroes lay,  
And that determination shall stay.

## MARCH OF THE ALLIES' MEN.

There's many a man of Canada clan,  
Who has followed the Allies in the field.  
He has sworn to support the Allies  
Or die by their side,  
For a Canadian never can yield.

(Chorus )

I hear the bag-pipes playing, playing,  
In the camp at Valcartier.  
While light springing footsteps are tramping the heath.  
'Tis the march of the Allies' men—  
'Tis the march—'Tis the march,  
'Tis the march of the Allies' men.

Oh, proudly they walk, but each Canadian knows,  
He may tread on Canadian shore no more;  
But bravely he followed the Allies to the field,  
Where his comrades were gathered before.

(Chorus.)

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path,  
Now trod by the gallant and true.  
Remember, boys, what your fight is for,  
And honor the red, white and blue.

(Chorus.)

## "I AM ONLY A POOR BLIND GIRL."

You tell me you love me, I fain would believe,  
And will make me your own bride, and never deceive;  
You offer to me your heart and hand,  
And make me the mistress and wear the golden band;  
But I, I am only a poor blind girl, the truth I can tell;  
My poor mother's a widow, in your dilapidated cot doth dwell.  
She who nursed me from childhood, with little in store.  
No, I'll never desert her, for a golden band or a score.

You have promised me happiness and everything gay,  
And perhaps to deceive me and lead me astray;  
For some human devils will flatter to destroy a girl's name,  
And soon she's reduced to a sad life of shame,  
And then she's insulted again and again;  
Her only comfort is to take cocain.  
No, I shall never leave my own dear mother.  
I would rather die, be ever so poor.

My dear Father's words still ring in my ears:  
When dying he bade me God to fear,  
And be kind to my mother, and never part;  
If I were to leave her, I am sure it would break her heart.  
And I am blind, you know. I cannot see,  
So I shall look to my dear mother for sympathy.  
I cannot seek better love than mother's,  
We are perfectly satisfied, dear mother and me.

## JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT, 1918.

When the mid-night came to close the year,  
We sighed to think it thus to take  
The days it gave us, the days so dear,  
As love and sympathy could make  
Their blessed moments. Every sun  
Saw us, my love, more closely one.

But, Lilian, when the dawn was nigh,  
Which came another year to shed,  
The smile we caught from eye to eye,  
Told us those moments were not fled;  
Ah, no, we felt some future sun  
Should see us still more closely one.

Until God parts us for a time;  
Thus may we ever be side by side,  
And takes either of us in Heaven high.

Oh, Lilian, please do not sigh,  
We must all go, dear, by and by;  
When God calls us, we must die.



## I LOVE A NURSE.

A nurse that I know, wishes to propose.  
But she is careful, no wonder; but I know  
The reason why she will not propose:  
Because there are men she does not want to know.  
I am not an angel, but I know  
The more I know, the more miserable I be,  
Wondering over the past and future beings;  
Some are honest, brave and true;  
Others are the Devil's born crew.  
Why, I cannot say.  
We are born the same way  
But with different dispositions.  
That is true.  
But this nurse I do know; she's a perfect gem and so  
She's good to everybody but herself.  
I certainly do love her, how much I cannot tell.  
But I have a creeping feeling, it makes me feel unwell.  
Each night before I go to bed,  
She approaches me and says, "Loved one, your face is red.  
Will you have a cup of tea before you go to bed."  
"Oh, yes, nurse, I reply, "It's very kind of you;  
By-the-way, I think it will do me a world of good.."  
A few kind words and a cup of tea,  
Improves my health, most wonderfully.  
I love that nurse, she's so good to me,  
And is more precious than diamonds, you see,  
To a poor wounded soldier from overseas.  
God bless her and keep her from misery,  
That girl I love. She has been overseas.

NEVER LET YOUR TROUBLES MEET YOU  
HALF-WAY.

Never let your troubles meet you half-way.  
We are full of troubles, if we go astray.  
We are not here for ever, but to seek in vain  
He that made this world in seven days,  
And the mighty Heaven for us to seek and gain.  
Are we willing to seek and put our trust in Him,  
He, our God Almighty, noble and supreme King.

Never let your troubles meet you half-way.  
We are only human and cannot stand the strain.  
He will guide you and never fail you.  
Trust in Him each and every day.  
Fail not to pray, when in trouble or in pain;  
Have faith, hope, and charity:  
God will lead us on to victory.

I LOOK TO YOU, DEAR, FOR SYMPATHY.

I look to you, dear, for sympathy.  
Will you not sympathize with me?  
You can please yourself,  
I care not what you think of me.  
But if you choose to turn on me,  
You will regret the day you turned me away.  
Come, dear, don't be foolish;  
Treat me kindly every day.

When I first married you,  
I thought you brave, honest, and true;  
But I find you are not what you promised to be.  
Will you not sympathize with me.  
You deceitful woman, I hate thee.  
Go, leave me to myself.  
And when you think you me require,  
Come back, and I will show you sympathy.

## MR. MOON, THE FUNNY COON.

I am Mr. Moon, that funny coon;  
I like to spoon as well as you.  
There's no doubt, when I shine bright,  
I see too much at first sight.  
I like to do what is right.  
That's me every time—Mr. Moon  
You know that funny coon,  
That's got control all over you.

## (Chorus)

I am Mr. Moon, that funny coon;  
I have got control all over you.  
You naughty people, I know what you do,  
Whilst you young and old are spooning  
I turn my back on all of you.  
When it is light, I am out of sight.  
When it is dark, I spoon all night.  
You will learn to respect me alright.  
Mr. Moon, you know that funny coon.  
Good night, my people, good night.

I am Mr. Moon, that funny coon,  
I don't care for any of you.  
I show you a light sometimes at night,  
But I see too much at first sight.  
I make a report every night.  
I make it light, I go out of sight.  
You wicked, wicked, well alright.  
I want you to respect me every night.

## PARSON, ADDRESSING CONGREGATION.

Listen, my beloved flock, to the words of wisdom and righteousness from one who should know, but does not:—

On Tuesday next, we are having all the children in the north end of the village baptised, and on Wednesday next, all the children in the south end will be baptised. Therefore we shall have children baptised at both ends of the village. I shall not be there.

On Monday next, there will be a mothers' meeting in the vestry of the Church, where Sister Susie will sew shirts for soldiers. And everyone is kindly requested to drop a penny in the plate in aid of our pink tea fight, which will take place some time next year.

On this occasion the Bishop will be home from his 364 days' annual holiday. I shall not be there.

On Friday next, there will be a meeting for all single young ladies not yet married, and all those wishing to become married are kindly requested to attend. I shall be there.

May Heaven be without you all. Amen.



## WHO IS WHO.

Ho, John Bull, can it be true,  
Tell us, because we have all got the blues,  
Over those uncivilised hunhoo's,  
Robbing our gold, and commerce, too;  
Everybody know's it is perfectly true,  
They ought to have been closed in, one afternoon;  
Now four years have passed,  
And the same old story does last,  
Wait and see, who's who.

Ho, John Bull, tell us will you,  
Are they going to lock up  
Those German baboons?  
They go about all over the place,  
And what is the consequence:  
They give us a good race.

Are we determined that they shall be free?  
If so, why not give them our country?  
People know quite well, and it is true,  
In Germany our business has fallen through:  
And preparations were made  
Because they knew, who was who.





# OTTO ZIMMERMANN, TRYING TO CORNER THE MARKET

A Play, *written by the Author of "Is Life Worth Living?"*

---

## Characters:

Mr. Jones.....Naturalized German  
Miss Mary Slater.....Telephone operator  
Mr. Law.....The lineman  
Mr. Whats.....Telephone manager  
Mr. Smith.....Pro German  
James Samual.....Office boy  
Mr. Green.....Detective  
Mr. John Hole.....Police inspector  
Mr. James Snooks.....Judge

Mr. Jones:—"Cen—ter—al, give me—give me Ger—rome 456."

Operator:—"I beg your pardon, Hullo!—Hullo!—Hullo!"

Mr. Jones:—"I do vont Ger—rome 456; Ger—rome 456; O you Eng—le—ish."

Whilst Mr. Jones was try to get communications. A lineman was repairing a broken wire, he repaired it, and was calling up the exchange to find out if all was correct. He could not get an answer right away, but he could hear a voice, and it sounded very much like German, so he remained listening until the conversation was over.

Operator:—"I am very sorry, but we don't keep Germans here."

Mr. Jones:—"I der—vont you der give me Ger—rome 456."

Operator:—"Hullo! Hullo! do you want the Post Office."

Mr. Jones:—"I der—I der—vont; I der vont—vont Ger—rome, is that Eng—le—ish."

Operator:—"I shall report you if you talk like that again."

Mr. Jones:—"I der—vont, I der—vont, O you Eng—le—ish Ger—rome, Ger—rome 456."

Operator:—"O! go to Rome if you want to, I can't understand you. I shall report you to the manager, that I shall."

Mr. Jones gets into a vile temper because he cannot speak good English, he calls up again.

"Cen—ter—al, you der give me, you der give me, give me Ger—rome 456; Ger—rome 456; Ger—rome 456."

Operator:—"Mr. Whats."

Mr. Whats:—"Yes Miss Slater."

Operator:—"You might try and satisfy this man, he speaks very bad English. I cannot understand him, he has rung up several times."

Mr. Whats:—"Hullo!—Hullo! who's speaking?"

Mr. Jones:—"I der—vont—I der—vont Ger—rome 456."

Mr. Whats:—"Hullo! Hullo!"

Mr. Jones:—"I der—vont, I der—vont Ger—rome 456."

Mr. Whats:—"My dear man, you can't go to Rome from here, shall I call up the stationmaster and ask him?"

Mr. Jones:—"No, No, No, I der—vont, I der—vont Ger—rome 456."

Mr. Whats:—"I shall call up Gerrome 456, and if that is not what you require I shall cut you off."

Mr. Jones:—"You der—do your du—ty or else I vill re—port you."

Mr. Whats:—"I will put you on right away."

Mr. Jones:—"Hullo!—Hullo! is that you, Mister Smith. My vord, my vord, I have been try—ing to get you for near—ly von hour, der oper—a—tor not un—der—stand vot I der say."

Mr. Smith:—"I am very sorry, but I have told you before not to telephone me."

Mr. Jones:—"I der—vont you to cor—ner der bark—et."

Mr. Smith:—"You want me to buy some baskets."

Mr. Jones:—"No, No, I der vont you to vie cor—ner in der barket, it is very im—port—ant, Mister Smith."

Mr. Smith:—"You want me to buy a corner in the market."

Mr. Jones:—"No, No, I do vont you to vie the cor—ner in der bark—et."

Mr. Smith:—"I cannot understand you, I think you had better wait, and I shall come and see you tomorrow."

Mr. Jones:—"Dat vill not do, I say dat vill not do, it is im—port—ant."

Mr. Smith:—"What do you want me to do, tell me again."

Mr. Jones:—"I der vont you to vie der corn in der bark—et, bark—et."

Mr. Smith:—"You want me to corner the market."

Mr. Jones:—"Yes, yes, yes, dat righ—t Mister Smith. I knew I vould vake you un—der—stand, Mister Smith."

Mr. Law, the lineman was getting tired, and was pleased that the conversation was over. He knew there were quite a lot of Germans doing business in this country, not only Germans, but a worse enemy, pro-Germans. "I will tell the boss when I get back I have made a note of it. Ah! here I am, and the boss waiting."

Mr. Whats:—"Where the devil have you been to."



Mr. Law:—"I repaired the wire, Sir, but what made me so long was, while I was testing the line to find out if it was working, I overheard a conversation, and it sounded like a German was asking somebody to corner the corn market. It took me quite a long while before I understood what he said, so after the conversation was over I rung up Gerrome 456 to make certain, and I tried to speak like him, by luck I got the number alright."

Mr. Whats:—"Why that's the very man that gave the operator trouble about an hour ago. She thought that he was a German and I thought the very same. I shall ring up Scotland Yard, Inspector Hole, and give him the information, I shall not lose anything, and it's right that I should do duty for my King and Country."

Mr. Whats rings up Scotland Yard:—"Hullo! Hullo! is that you?"

Inspector Hole:—"Yes, yes, who's speaking?"

Mr. Whats:—"Exchange."

Mr. Hole:—"Oh, that you Mr. Whats?"

Mr. Whats:—"Yes, yes."

Mr. Hole:—"Well Mr. Whats, how are you this morning?"

Mr. Whats:—"Very well, never felt better in all my life, but a little troubled. You might send along one of your most competent men."

Mr. Hole:—"Very good, Mr. Whats, I shall send him at once. To your private address or to the exchange?"

Mr. Whats:—"Tell him to ask for me at the office, I shall be here waiting. It is very important, Mr. Hole."

Mr. Hole:—"Very good, Mr. Whats, I shall send him to you right away."

Mr. Whats:—"Very good, Mr. Hole, I shall see you later, good bye."

Mr. Green arrives at the office in disguise:—"Can I see Mr. Whats, please?"

Porter:—"I think Mr. Whats is very busy, he told me that no one should be admitted."

Mr. Green:—"Give Mr. Whats my card immediately."

Porter:—"Very good Sir, I will deliver the card."

Mr. Whats:—"Alright, show him in Porter."

Porter:—"Sir please come this way."

Mr. Whats:—"Good morning Mr. Green."

Mr. Green:—"Good morning Mr. Whats."

Mr. Whats:—"Sit down, we have no time to lose, and I am very busy. There was a person 'phoned this morning, and the operator could not understand what he wanted, he gave us a lot of trouble. I

assure you the operator was utterly disgusted with him, she asked me to answer the phone. So I took the receiver and the words this person spoke were something like this:—

“Cen—ter—al you der give me Ger—rome 456?’ Of course I am familiar with different kinds of broken English. The operator and myself came to the conclusion that he was a German, and I was more convinced when Law, the lineman, returned from repairing a wire, and he told me that whilst he was testing, he overheard a conversation between two men; one he thought, was English, the other a German.

“The German was trying to tell the Englishman something about buying all the corn in the market, the German conversation got so complicated that any person would become suspicious, the lineman made a note of what was said, so I thought I had better send to Scotland Yard for help.”

Mr. Green:—“I thank you very much, Mr. Whats; it seems very important and urgent business. Good morning, Mr. Whats, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again later.”

Mr. Green lost no time, came out of the office, wondering what to do first:—“When I arrive there I certainly must speak broken English. On my way, I’ll try, “vot der you vont, vot der you vont.’ Oh! I think I can manage it alright with a little bit of bluff. Ah! this is the place, I was so interested with my broken English I hardly knew that I was so near, now let me make sure of it Ger—rome 456, private address 45698 St. Nuns St. Ah! this is it.” Goes up and rings the bell.

Mr. Green to the office boy:—“Is your Master vin.”

James Samual:—“No, Sir.”

Mr. Green:—Vot is your Mas—ter’s name, I do vont to see him.”

Office Boy:—“My master’s name is Mr. Smith—I mean I must not say. My master told me that if anybody comes I was to ask them to leave their cards, and he will make an appointment at a future date. Is it very important, Sir? If so, I can make a note of it, I am expecting him to return any moment.”

Mr. Green:—“You have no i—dea vay der are gone?”

Office Boy:—“No, Sir.”

Mr. Green:—“Very good boy, I vill call again.”

Mr. Green:—“I must not lose any time, I must go to the Stock Exchange, I believe I shall find them there.” Arrives there has a good look around to see if he knew anybody, but no, he returned again to the house and rang the bell. The boy opened the door.”

Office Boy:—“Oh! it’s you Sir, the boss is in Sir, Come in and wait, he is speaking to someone.”

Mr. Greene walked in, took a seat, and said:—"Just the identical. It could not be better if he were playing into my hands. Ah! the boy did not go into the private office, I must lose no time, but listen; I hear someone talking. My word, what's that. I hear they want to corner the corn market." He just managed to get up, and get to his seat when Mr. Smith came out, and asked him into his office. "Well, Sir, what can I do for you?"

Mr. Green:—"I am broker, and I have some corn stock to sell."

Mr. Smith look at Mr. Jones rather suspiciously, wondering what to say.

Mr. Jones chimes in:—"Ve have vought near—ly all der corn in der varket."

Mr. Smith:—"Oh! you dam fool, I thought I told you before, not to say anything."

Mr. Jones:—"Vel I am sor—ry, but I thought per—haps der gent—le—man vight have some vore to sell."

Mr. Green thought it time to get to work:—"They have said quite sufficient to convict themselves." Mr. Jones got very excited by this time, so Mr. Green made a go for it. He pulled out his handcuff with one hand, with the other a revolver, and pointed it at them, and said:—"Well, you are the gentlemen I am looking for," and there was trouble. Jones and Smith tried to take the revolver away, but in doing so, the revolver went off accidentally and shot Mr. Smith, and killed him on the spot; Mr. Jones got so nervous he let the detective handcuff him quite easily; Mr. Green took all the important papers he could see, rang up the first police station, and asked them to send a man at once. They soon came and took charge of the place, their orders were not to let anybody in or out.

Mr. Jones on his way to the station said:—"That is trouble, I der tink dat you Eng—le—ish did not know anything, vut now I do."

Mr. Green did not say anything to the prisoner on their way to the station, but when he arrived, handled him over to the inspector.

Mr. Hole:—"Is this the man I sent you for?"

Mr. Green:—"Yes, yes."

Mr. Green made his statement as clearly as possible about the man that was shot accidentally.

Mr. Hole:—"Did you station any police there?"

Mr. Green:—"Yes, yes."

Mr. Hole:—"What is this man's name, Detective Green?"

Mr. Green:—"Mr. Jones, otherwise Otto Zimmermann."

Mr. Hole to the prisoner:—"What is your right name?"

Mr. Jones:—"Please Sir, der—der—von Kaiser, der gish me der na—me Mis—ter Jones before I der live Ger—many."

Mr. Hole:—"And what did he give you that name for?"

Otto Zimmermann:—"Vell—ven der var vas on, der Kaiser de tell us to vake Eng—le—ish names, vill ve vork in Eng—land, and my vork vas to cor—ner der varket."

Mr. Hole:—"Try and explain those words better."

Otto Zimmermann:—"Der Kai—ser der te—ll ve der vie all der corn in der vark—et."

Mr. Hole:—"Yes, yes, I guess you thought that you had made a good job of it."

Otto Zimmermann:—"No, Sir, I der not var gu—s, I der try and der it pro—per—ly."

Mr. Hole:—"Where were you born, in this country?"

Otto Zimmermann:—"No, no, I was born in Ber—lin, I der Kaiser der tell me to come the England befor der var and get nat—ur—al—ised."

Mr. Hole:—"Hāve you got your naturalisation papers?"

Otto Zimmermann:—"Vell, ves, ves."

Mr. Hole:—"Give them to me I will take care of them for you. How long have you been in this country?"

Otto Zimmermann:—"About two vonths be—fore der var."

Mr. Hole:—"Who gave you these papers?"

Otto Zimmermann:—"Der Kais—er der give the—m to me, and told m—e dat the—y vould vie al—vight."

Mr. Hole:—"Alright Green, put him in a very strong cell and see that it is well bolted and barred, and someone to keep guard over him."

Mr. Green:—"Led the prisoner to his cell, and put a guard over him and then reported again for duty."

Mr. Hole:—"Now that is finished Green, you and I had better go and view the body, you have your statement correct, Green."

Mr. Green:—"Yes, Sir."

Mr. Hole:—"Very good, we had better proceed, are you ready?"

Mr. Green:—"Quite, Sir."

Mr. Hole and Green arrives on the spot.

Mr. Green to the policeman:—"Anyone been here?"

Policeman:—"No, Sir."

Mr. Hole and Green went in to view the body.

Mr. Hole:—"A clear case Green."

Mr. Green:—"Yes Sir, quite an accident."

Mr. Hole:—"Green tell the policeman to get the body to the morgue."

Next day the case was tried.



Judge, Mr. Snooks:—"Bring the prisoner." The prisoner was brought in.

Judge:—"What is your name?" "Otto Zimmermann," was the reply.

Judge:—"You are on trial for murder, and also as a spy. Have you anything to say?"

Otto Zimmermann:—"Me tre for mur—der spy, No, no, no; me not mur—der, ne no spy."

Judge:—"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Otto Zimmermann:—"Der Kai—ser der te'l me to do it, I der not mur—der dat man, he vas stru—gl—ing with dis van ere, and re—vol—ver vent off."

Judge:—"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Otto Zimmermann:—"Ves, ves, ves, me die for m—y Coun—try and Kais—er."

Judge:—"The jury and myself find you guilty, and I am sorry to see a smart young man like you suffer death at such an early age, but I have to perform my duty." The judge put the black cap on in the usual way, and pronounced the sentence of death.

"Otto Zimmermann, you shall be hanged by your neck, until death takes places, and I advise you to pray to the Almighty God, and may be have mercy upon you."

CURTAIN.





## IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

## SONG, SONS OF CANADA.

From the cabin, from the cottage,  
From the house upon the hill,  
From the schoolhouse, from the college,  
From the farmyard, from the mill,  
Have we come to join the colors  
And to fight for King and Home;  
For we love our country dearly,  
So from Canada we come.

## Chorus:

We are sons of Canada,  
We're bravely marching on;  
We are sons of Canada,  
We've come to right the wrong.  
Marching on, marching on,  
On to victory we go;  
We are the sons of Canada,  
We'll conquer every foe.

We have heard our country calling,  
So we've buckled on the sword.  
To right the wrong appalling,  
We have pledged our country's word.  
We have offered to our Empire  
Every drop of blood we own,  
And the foe shall reap the harvest,  
Of the seed that he has sown.

We have left our wives and children,  
We have left our books and sports,  
For the country that has borne us,  
For the land that holds our thoughts.  
We have heard the call of duty,  
And each one has answered clear:  
We will fight while life is in us,  
For the land we hold so dear.

You will find us in the trenches,  
Where our gallant comrades lie;  
Where our blood-stained banner beckons  
We will follow or we'll die,  
For we've never yet been beaten,  
But we'll fight for Canada's glory,  
And for Canada, we'll win.



DATE DUE


PD  
FEB 04 1988  
PD

NOV 7 1983

NOV 08 1988

CARR McLEAN, TORONTO FORM #38-297

UB 369.5 .C3 B88 1918  
Butland, Ernest  
Is life worth living? : a work  
010101 000



0 1163 0001826 8  
TRENT UNIVERSITY

UB369.5 .C3B88 1918  
Butland, Ernest  
Is life worth living? : a work  
written to show the vicissitudes  
of everyday life, particularly  
such as concerned the author

342372

DATE	ISSUED TO

342372

